

Modern Life

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CLEVERLY ILLUSTRATED, WITTY AND BRIGHT.

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

QUEEN MARY NOT IN LOVE WITH LLOYD GEORGE.

Chancellor whose Advice is never Wanted at Windsor.

Our readers are aware that Queen Mary has no love for Mr. Lloyd George. Being a woman, Her Majesty shares the general antipathy of the landed classes to the present Chancellor of the Exchequer. But unless we are much in error, the time will come when the Chancellor will figure at Windsor and at Balmoral with the rest of the history-makers of the century. Our observation is that statesmen who are at any particular time peculiarly unpopular end up by being "favourites all round!" Not that we are partisans of the little Welshman!

Lloyd George in Evolution.

But Lloyd George has had more pelting with rotten eggs and cabbages than any other living statesman. From the time of that famous pro-Boer meeting at the Queen's Hall, with Henry Labouchere as chairman, over a decade ago, the little lawyer has experienced every form of public odium! He is to-day the butt of all the music-hall jokes! Even the comic postcards find their readiest purchasers when the abominated Lloyd George is caricatured! So we say that the time is not far distant when Lloyd George will be regarded as a friend by all his countrymen!

Politicians at Windsor.

But up till now he is not admissible at Windsor or at Balmoral! Queen Mary will have none of him. She shares the universal prejudice, though precisely why, Her Majesty would probably be unprepared to say. Most of our first-line Government men did "duty" when their Majesties were last at Balmoral—but Mr. Lloyd George was not among them. During the last three weeks a whole crowd of legislators have been to Windsor—but not Mr. Lloyd George. Amongst the famous politicians who have journeyed down to Windsor lately have been the Marquess of Salisbury, who took his Marchioness and Lady Mary Cecil; Lord Hugh Cecil, M.P., Mr. Balfour, Lord (and Lady) Lansdowne, Lord Rosebery, the Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs (Sir A. Nicholson), Mr. Asquith, (with Mrs. Asquith), Earl Spencer, Earl Curzon, the ex-Viceroy, Earl Roberts, Lord George Hamilton, Lord Emmott, who acted for the Lord President of the Council, the Marquess of Crewe, leader of the Radical Peers; and Lord Morley, the Indian Secretary.

Amongst such an official crowd one would naturally have expected to find the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and out in the forest with the King and the Archduke amongst the pheasants and the mangolds! That day, however, has not

yet arrived, for Mr. Lloyd George remains in the memory of the Queen the odious pro-Boer of the dark days of the war!

"Two Annas-in-the-Rupee" Kitchener.

There was never a shadow of truth in the statement that Lord Kitchener was to succeed Lord Hardinge in India. The statement was a *Pall Mall* canard, like so much of the Anglo-Indian matter in that journal. The *Pall Mall*, in giving tongue to the absurd report, stated: "It is well understood that he (Kitchener) had been led to believe that he would succeed Lord Minto." Lord Kitchener never understood anything of the sort. Quite the contrary, in fact.

No Viceroyalty for Kitchener.

Lord Hardinge, as is well known, was King Edward's own selection for the Viceroyalty after Lord Minto, although His Majesty had then passed away. Lord Kitchener will never be Viceroy of India, for the simple reason that such an appointment would mean (to the natives) a Military Dictatorship, and it has always been the object of successive Governments in India to avoid the appearance of any such despotism. In India the native soldiers called Lord Kitchener the "Two Annas-in-the-Rupee Sahib," because of his practice of mulcting them of two annas in the rupee whenever he could.

Lord de la Warr and His Daughter.

Earl de la Warr did not turn up at the wedding of his daughter, Lady Idina Sackville, to the rich Mr. Wallace. The bride's mother is that Countess who divorced Lord de la Warr in 1902. Since then the Countess and her daughter have had nothing to do with his Lordship, who, however, has enough trouble of his own without the alliances of his daughters! His Lordship was involved in the financial disasters which followed the "land programme" of the ubiquitous Mr. Pape, and, like the Maharajah of Cooch Behar, Lord Ashburton, and a few other important people, he has never got out of the mess that Mr. Pape created.

His Lordship in Carey Street.

Now Lord de la Warr is in Carey Street with losses against Mr. Pape of seventy thousand pounds! When Earls go into the City they know what to expect, but they go all the same. Lord Verulam could tell a tale, and he would, on this subject. And his Lordship has precious little to lose, too! Muriel Countess de la Warr has never married again. She is one of old Earl Brassey's daughters, and her father lent his house in Park Lane for the wedding, and gave his grand-daughter away. The bride went off on her honeymoon in the costume she wore at the altar, and there were neither bridesmaids nor pages. What a lot of heart-burning one flighty Lord can cause?

Marlborough's Duchess Righted Again.

We are glad to be able to announce that things have mended somewhat at Blenheim, and the Duke's mother, Lady Blandford, has returned to her former rôle of chaperone to her daughter-in-law, the American Duchess of Marlborough. So now things are once again on a footing of "correctness," and the young Duchess is once more able to bask in the sunshine of Royalty. Hence her Grace's appearance as hostess at the opening of the Lady Curzon lodging-house at King's Cross the other day, when Queen Alexandra did the honours.

Our Premier Yankee Peeress.

It was, of course, only fitting that our leading American peeress should preside at such a function, seeing that the institution is dedicated to the memory of the lady who occupied that proud position before her Grace arrived in England as the wife of the Duke of Marlborough. The late Lady Curzon was the daughter of Joe Leiter—another of whose daughters is the Countess of Suffolk and Berkshire—but Lady Curzon is best remembered as the wife of a Viceroy of India—the only American who ever rose to be an English vice-Queen. Lady Curzon was, too, very good-looking, as is her Grace of Marlborough, though the latter lady has altered but little during the seventeen years that she has queened it in English Society. There are few women in Britain who possess the energy of the Duchess of Marlborough, and she certainly has a wonderful record of good work to her name. May she live long!

Lady Warwick, Editress.

Lady Warwick, determined to retain her fame as the energetic woman in Britain, has commenced editing the 'page' of a daily paper. This has long been the dream of her heart, but the irony of the situation is in the fact that it is not a page of the *Daily Citizen* or the *Daily Herald*—that journal still exists!—but the Conservative *Daily Sketch*. Whether her Ladyship will avail herself of achieving her "dream of running a daily paper on absolutely realistic lines"—her own words eight years ago!—will be seen. Her ideal daily paper—to again quote her Ladyship's own phraseology—"should not be subject to changing moods of cranks and faddists, and should possess a capital which would make it impossible for those connected with it to be tempted from their allegiance by capitalists whatever." The *Daily Sketch* has got the capital right enough! So now we shall see what we shall

Time Alters the Tune.

Probably Lady Warwick's ideas of Government have undergone a change now that some of her pet hobbies have been realised! It is so easy to talk about reform when it doesn't seem to touch one's own pocket. Lady Warwick used to dream about all sorts of "reform" not so many years ago, but Time has mellowed her views somewhat. As sole owner of the 23,000 acres of the Maynard property in Essex, Lady Warwick knows all there is to be known of the hardships of the agricultural labourer's life, and to tell, she has set some fine examples in ameliorating the same on her own property. But when it comes to changing land values—the tune alters. Eight years ago, however, before Mr. Lloyd George had said a word about the subject, and nobody dreamt it possible, Lady Warwick was wont to wax enthusiastic on the subject of the wickedness of land monopolies, and to yearn for the breaking up of the old feudal properties. So vigorous was her advocacy of the taxation of land values that she declared "I should give the taxation of land values,

whether in town or country, the second place in my programme!"

That Lloyd-George Again.

But now that the land *is* taxed, Lady Warwick is, to put it mildly, "in the cart!" Up to her eyes in mortgages, with judgments unmet for thousands of pounds, she is under injunctions restraining her from selling her goods until her debts are satisfied. The bum-bailiffs are in at Easton Lodge—or were!—with their ugly note-books full of sordid figures about her beautiful pictures and busts, and the study of bills of sale has taken the place of needlework in her Ladyship's boudoir. Her Ladyship learnt a lot about finance from Mr. Hooley, and she is not unknown in Jewry as its most interesting, and certainly its most beautiful, customer. Not that this can all be put down to the account of Mr. Lloyd George! Oh dear no!

God and the Right.

But the Chancellor has not made things more comfortable at Easton Lodge; nor at Warwick Castle. That, perhaps, is why the Chancellor has never been seen there, although it was at Warwick Castle that Arthur Balfour, one-time Tory Prime Minister in the Commons, taught Herbert Asquith, present Radical Prime Minister, to ride a bicycle. But those happy days are now mere memories. Then Lord and Lady Warwick thought of nothing but her Ladyship's wonderful social success, and trusted to God and the right to pull them through the dismal financial period which loomed ahead!

Royalty "Looks the Other Way!"

In those days King Edward and the then Prince of Wales were not unknown callers at Warwick House, which is in the shadow of St. James's Palace, though you have probably never noticed it. To this day an interesting "table decoration" there is a portrait of King Edward and his heir, signed "George." George, however, no longer strolls into her Ladyship's drawing room for a cup of tea, and a chat



She: "Yes, but you are such a conundrum, Jack, that I don't understand you."
He: "But I hope you won't give me up!"

HEAPS OF CLEVER ILLUSTRATIONS AND GOOD STORIES IN OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.



ANCIENT
AND
MODERN.

PET DOGS.



with the most delightful woman in the Peccage. Nor does Queen Mary! Since Ben Tillett, Will Thorne, Shackleton, Will Abraham and the rest of the gang dined there Royalty has "looked the other way!"

A Record of a Thousand.

For all her eccentricities—if the word may be used in no discourteous sense—Lady Warwick remains the most interesting woman in Britain. What time she might have given to money-making she has given either to the gratification of her love of notoriety, or to genuine deeds of merit. We could write a chapter on Lady Warwick's good works; and no living woman has burnt the midnight oil in order to benefit others as has she. Nearly all her life has been passed on her property at Dunmow or at Warwick Castle, and in both neighbourhoods she has earned a name which all our duchesses might envy.

The Essex Needlework Guild provides warm clothing for the poor of the county; the Lady Warwick School at Bigod's Hall, Dunmow, is the home of scientific and technical training; the Hostel at Reading trains the daughters of professional men in horticulture, dairy, bee and poultry-keeping; the Home at Warwick is for crippled children; and the Dunmow Nursing Association is another of Lady Warwick's protégés. Amongst her records of things well done are her services as Mayoress of Warwick, and as a Poor Law Guardian. She has lectured all over America; collected funds for innumerable good works; and although she is in truth what she once described herself, "a living cog-wheel in the old machinery of English Society," she is an authority on jam-making and the breeding of poultry, as the young ladies at Studley College in Warwickshire can testify. A wonderful woman, Lady Warwick. The *Daily Sketch* has our congratulations!

Royal Visit to Chatsworth.

The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, who are entertaining the King and Queen this month at Chatsworth, stand in high favour with Their Majesties. All have tastes

in common, not the least noteworthy of which is a great liking for home life; the King and His Grace of Devonshire are both keen agriculturists, while Queen Mary and the Duchess have not only been intimate friends from childhood, but have an absorbing interest in their respective families. Naturally of a retiring and quiet disposition, the Duchess of Devonshire was never seen much in Society when Lady Evelyn Cavendish, and probably if their inmost feelings were known she and her husband found life pleasanter at Holker Hall, Lancashire, their home before the then Mr. Victor Cavendish succeeded to the Dukedom and its attendant worries, than at princely Chatsworth.

Church Spoil.

The Cavendishes, once of Cavendish, Suffolk, have an interesting history. They were a rising family in the fourteenth century, and one was a clever lawyer who rose to the Bench in Richard II.'s reign. Like the ducal Russells, the Cavendishes owe much of their wealth and influence to Church lands acquired after the Dissolution, though somehow the Devonshire family escapes notice in this connection when other noble lines are pilloried. Sir William Cavendish, a zealous servant of Henry VIII., obtained large grants of confiscated property and he married the famous "Bess of Hardwick," who had four husbands, from whom she got almost every penny they possessed, and died worth £60,000 a year, an enormous sum then. This remarkable woman had no children except by her Cavendish husband, and most of her wealth was inherited by their second son, the first Earl of Devonshire. The latter's great-grandson plotted in favour of William of Orange, and his reward was a marquessate and dukedom. That the Cavendishes, with all their territorial importance, never seem to have had the slightest connection with their titular county, is well known, but less familiar is the fact that they should be Dukes of Derbyshire. Devonshire appeared in the patent by mistake, and as in peerage law a patent cannot be altered, so it had to remain.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

for the Bishops.

numerous unsavoury cases in which clergymen have pilloried recently are causing deep concern to well-wishers of the Church, and a cry is arising that the bishops and high dignitaries should devote their attention to supervising the actions of those who are legally within their jurisdiction, rather than to the task of minding the business of people who resent clerical interference. We have had the parade of the Bishop of Kensington's deep concern in the amusements of the multitude, and even deeper concern in suffragette propaganda; the Bishop of London endorsed his colleague's assumption of censorial duties; the Rev. Mr. Welldon, Dean of Manchester, lately brought a charge of remonstrances upon his head owing to his delivery of a sermon on gambling; and the Archbishop of Canterbury distinguished himself by delivering a panegyric upon the indiscretions of the Bishops; many others could be cited. Indeed, the only work which the bishops and clergy seem to neglect nowadays—or, at any rate, to neglect so quietly and unostentatiously that nobody hears about it—is the work of labouring in the cause of the oppressed, the victims of the sweater and the slum-owner, who batten on their misery and degradation. When will the Church awaken to the fact that its ground—for nobody doubts that the church is losing its influence for good upon the nation—will never be regained by following the methods of the press agent in neglecting the things that really matter for those who most readily bring notoriety?

Big Game in Parliament.

In the last issue of the *Observer* Mr. Garvin, the mentor and prophet of the Conservative party, again lifts up his voice to incite the Die-hards to a last desperate resistance

against the Home Rule Bill. And the advice he tenders is that the party should make every attempt "to stop the business of the House of Commons. By the continued volleying even of one word—the right word—the Unionist party can drown debate." In other words, the great Conservative party is to adopt the methods of the student-hooligans who cut such a sorry figure at the Albert Hall recently, or of the militant suffragettes for whom no political party has a good word. Such a policy will, I imagine, put the final touch to the declining respect of the nation for politicians. We *do* like our law-makers to behave with a little dignity, and we strongly object to paying them £400 a piece per annum to behave like a lot of unruly schoolboys. The great majority of the people in this country are sick to death of the Home Rule question. They have had it rammed down their throats almost continuously during the past thirty years, to the exclusion of more nourishing food, and now they want a rest. Moreover, the country has given its verdict, and does not think much of the sportsmanship of a party which cannot take a beating. Nor does it think much of the patriotism of a man like Mr. Garvin, who, in the intervals of shrieking that the country has been betrayed by the rulers of the Army and Navy, goes out of his way to counsel his followers to place us all in still greater jeopardy by resigning from the Army, and the Territorials, and depleting what we are told is already sadly depleted. It is curious patriotism—especially when one considers that it all arises from the bad temper produced by defeat.

Married Men and Secrets.

Showers of invective have fallen upon the devoted head of Sir Thomas Lipton as a result of the announcement that only unmarried men are being employed on building the new America Cup defender, as secrecy could not be counted on from married men. The position is only aggravated by the fact that the tea Baronet, although a most eligible parti, has managed to keep clear of the matrimonial net, and really the announcement does seem like asking for



"Abaht time the Guvinment put a stop to these ere Suffragette meetings!"

PLACE YOUR ORDER EARLY FOR OUR CHRISTMAS DOUBLE NUMBER.

trouble. It is somewhat absurd to suggest that a husband, if employed on the work, would be awakened in the dead of night by a curious, inquisitive wife, who was anxious to learn details of the work so that she could retail them to her friends over the teacups next afternoon; and I can scarcely imagine that even a yacht-builder's wife would have a sufficient grasp of technical details to do much harm, even if she were inclined. Anyhow, the fiat has gone forth that a married man cannot keep a secret from his wife, and that his wife cannot refrain from divulging information even if her lack of reticence will lead the husband into trouble. This is one of the sort of things that cannot be proved or disproved by statistics, and upon which we must all agree to differ, our opinions, of course, depending upon whether we are married or the reverse. But isn't Sir Thomas a bit swollen-headed in imagining that the details concerning his yacht are matters of such world-wide import? And is he taking care that none of his unmarried men are engaged to be married, which might be even worse than if the deed were accomplished?

Clothes and the Woman.

A few weeks ago I indulged in a few ruminations upon the relativity of clothing—the fact that what is decent and seemly in one country may, in the next, be considered the height of indecency. The subject has been further illuminated by Mrs. Dan Crawford, who has recently returned from Central Africa, where, with her husband, she has spent many years in missionary work. She relates that the native ladies, whose full dress consisted of a couple of monkey skins around their middles, could not understand why any woman should wear clothes covering her body from neck to heels. The only explanation was that such clothes were worn to hide blemishes on the body of the wearer. I wonder if a soupçon of this idea has percolated through to this part of the world, and if the real reason for the fashionable dress which reveals so much is just exactly that its wearers desire to show their freedom from blemish. After all woman nature is pretty much the same the wide world over.

Tube "Tyrannies."

It is, of course, a popular and telling sort of thing for newspapers nowadays to give a large amount of space to the ventilation of their readers' grievances, but really I have little patience with the *Daily Mail's* latest discovery—"Tube Tyrannies." It is an Englishman's privilege to grumble, I suppose, and grumble he always will, no doubt. But the slightest use of his memory would show any Londoner at once how greatly favoured he is with the present-day facilities of travel, as compared with the inconveniences of getting about the city a dozen years ago. Because a *Daily Mail* man, or reader, falls foul of a subordinate on a tube lift—probably from his own fault—we are to believe that

the whole service is rotten and tyrannous, and we are treated to quite hysterical outbreaks on the insolence of the tube officials. Yet the *Daily Mail* and papers of its kind face with equanimity the prospect of the whole passenger-carrying service of London falling into the hands of a tub-cum-omnibus combine, and do their best to damn the tramways which belong to the people and are run for the benefit of the people. Little annoyances will always arise with tram, tube and 'bus officials, so long as human nature remains human nature, and traffic officials remain non-automatic. But why make such a tremendous fuss over trivial little annoyances, and why condemn sweepingly a very decent and very civil body of men?

A Great Scheme.

After months of soul-searching I have decided to become a Suffragette. Not that my opinions have altered in any way—I have always believed in giving women the vote, if they want it, but strongly object to being nagged into giving it merely because a very small, and distinctly objectionable, body of women think proper to make nuisances of themselves. Indeed, I think it is admitted that there is no real valid reason why women do not have the suffrage. The ethics of the case have not changed to me, nor have I fallen a victim to the charms of a street-seller of *Votes for Women*, or anything like that. The argument that has converted me is Miss Sylvia Pankhurst's "No Votes, No Rent" scheme—the *argumentum ad pocketum*.

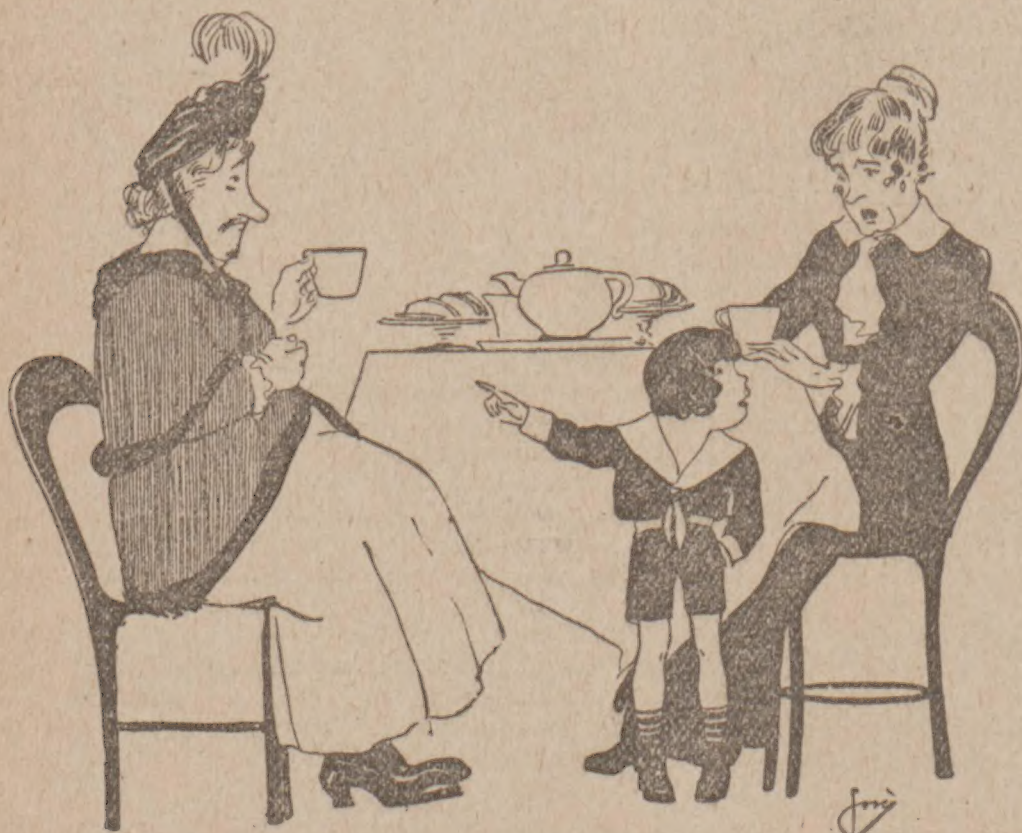
It is a great scheme. Just think of it! There are scores of good men and true, of nomadic instincts or non-domestic tastes, who have not, and never have had, a vote. It is the easiest thing in the world to avoid getting one by moving into another neighbourhood—and, you know, there are lots of quite sensible people who have never found the power to vote has done them any good, or who ever notice any difference whether they are on or off the register except at election times, when their peaceful evenings are spoiled by rampant party canvassers. Now all these people have only to join Miss Pankhurst's organisation, and henceforth they will be able to snap their fingers at the rent-collector. When rent-day comes round a post-card to Sylvia will bring along the Sylvian army, who will dump the landlord's myrmidon into the nearest equivalent for a duck-pond—and the money formerly put aside in the stocking or the best teapot for payment of rent can be spent in the purchase of more beer—probably there would be an insistent demand for beer from the "army." It is an enticing prospect, isn't it? I anticipate Sylvia will secure very many adherents to her banner. She seems for once to have got down to the root of the matter.

Express Trams.

The much-reviled but exceedingly useful L.C.C. trams are in quite good odour at the moment, and it is good news that the Highways Committee are considering the possibility of running express cars on some of the busiest services. At the same time I fancy it will not go beyond "considering," as it is extremely difficult to discover how the scheme could work. That the trams do need speeding up goes without saying. An energetic pedestrian could get over the ground quite as quickly as a tramcar does on some of the congested routes, but unless the L.C.C. engineers can devise some sort of steeplechasing apparatus whereby a tram could jump over the obstacles which impede its progress I don't see how there could be any express service.

Our Christmas Number.

Next week's issue of *Modern Life*, published on the usual day, will be our Christmas Double Number. In addition to all the customary features it will contain a host of clever humorous illustrations, short stories, and topical articles, and the price will be 2d. Throughout it will be bright, entertaining, and topical, with plenty of variety, not a surfeit of playing on the eternal Sex Triangle, and with a strict avoidance of the Robin Redbreast dying in the snow sort of thing. In short, it will be of splendid value for money. Readers should place their orders early with the newsagents, as we cannot reprint.



Mother: "What's the matter, Tommy?"

Tommy: "I thought you said Mrs. Jones was an old woman. Why, she can't be more than twenty! Her beard's only just beginning to grow."

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS AND WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

The guardians of our morals would do well to turn their attention to some of the "Tango salons" that are springing up in the West End.

The dancing *may* be irreproachable; a good many matter-of-fact people, however, say it is not; but letting this question alone, these salons afford even more convenient places for keeping "appointments" than did the equally private tea-rooms which eight or ten years ago had such a vogue among the ultra smart.

That a distinguished Major-General has taken up spiritualism in great earnest, and may find an outlet for his superfluous energy in summoning spirits from the vasty deep, instead of in bombarding the War Office with criticisms founded on his own personal grievances.

At one time this carpet soldier used to write a good deal, and he has also long had a leaning towards spiritualism. In his reminiscences he tells a rather weird story of seeing somebody in a London street, who was either dead or hundreds of miles away at the moment!

It was a great surprise to him that a War Minister, who was strongly pro-German, should have failed to see that similar sympathies in a half-pay Major-General entitled him to immediate re-employment.

That as the pro-German sympathies took the form of a mild agitation in favour of diplomatic action to replace the Duke of Cumberland on the Throne of Hanover, his surprise was shared by no one else.

It looks as if the Queen's intervention will be useless if the silly couple *can't* keep off the grass.

That it is quite time theatrical managers came down heavily on the press agents which it is the custom of individual actors and actresses to employ. The most ridiculous trifles in the shape of personal anecdotes are sent round in the hope that they may find their way into print, and many reach their mark.

In this way much of the gossip that the reader finds in his daily paper is contributed. It is, of course, judiciously handled by the sub-editor, and the purchaser of the half-penny daily is quite satisfied; he has been amused by a trifle for a moment, but it is instructive to the individual behind the scenes.

The limit was reached the other day by one agent who circulated a paragraph to the effect that the leading lady at a theatre not a hundred miles from the Haymarket went home each day from rehearsals to nurse a dying sister, and

stepped on to the stage for the first performance the moment after hearing of the death of her relative!

Such items of news are painful enough in themselves, but when used for purposes of advertisement are an unspeakable offence against every canon of good taste.

The desire of people before the public to advertise themselves can be understood, but surely there is a more legitimate means of achieving this end, than by continually bombarding newspapers with "puffs." We refer to the advertisement columns of publications, but the actor or actress seeking the glare of the limelight prefers to do things in a cheaper way. They do not want to pay for what

can be obtained for practically nothing. But the matter is becoming objectionable. The public does not want to hear so much about lights of the stage, also of the cinema, for film artistes are doing the same thing, and writers, poets, authors, and all and sundry who have an axe to grind.

The young nut who was indiscreet on Putney Heath is beginning to value the services of private detectives.

Why can't the music hall "star" have her seams made a little more securely? What's the earthly use of them if they give way between her dressing room and the entrance to the stage?

A contemporary, referring to the Land Campaign, says, "Of late, Mr. Lloyd George's progress has been staggering." Not due to Georgian nights, we hope.

Evan Roberts, that holy revivalist and hymn warbler, who has written of him-

self: "I am called a man of God, and surely I am so," has refused to see his seventy-year-old father who travelled many miles for that purpose. Later he wrote him a letter in which he said: "Your interference with me I look upon as wicked." Yes, Evan, you have indeed proved that you are a man of God, for well you remember His fourth commandment. We can already see those wings sprouting, that are shortly to carry you on your way to — 'Evan knows where!

It is thought that the Headmaster of Harrow was inspired in his ukase against smoking by a desire to share the limelight which the Headmaster of Eton's pleas against pernicious literature have turned upon him.

It would be interesting to hear the precise terms in which Dr. Ford suggested that one of his young hopefuls should admonish distinguished strangers who dare to puff smoke within the school precincts.



The Tango woman "up-to-date,"
'Tis clear, is naught afraid of.
She shows the world, at any rate,
The kind of stuff she's made of.

THE GENEROSITY OF "EGGY" CHATON.

Barton Bay's yachting week was over, and Jack Townley stood on the steps of the Mayolu Sailing Club House looking out to sea, lost in pleasant memories, mingled with regrets that the mundane work-a-day world had to be faced once more. In half-an-hour his train left for London, and as he moved slowly down the path the hall porter overtook him.

"Note for you, sir. Mr. Chaton left it early a'mornin', sir."

Jack took it without comment, inwardly wondering what Chaton could possibly want to write to him about. The note had been hastily scribbled in pencil.

"Dear Townley,—So sorry not to have met you down here. Will you lunch with me in town to-day? Shall be in the lounge at the Savoy at one.—Yours, E. Chaton."

"So Chaton has been here, has he? Queer thing he hasn't been sailing! I think there is more in this note than meets the eye. He has never been 'so sorry' not to have met me before," and he read the note through a second time. It was plainly an invitation to lunch, so he put it in his pocket, with an amused smile.

"He wants something. He doesn't throw lunches about in this reckless fashion for nothing. Still, I'll go! It will be something to talk about after, that I once got a really good free lunch out of 'Eggy' Chaton. Savoy, too! Well, well, Master Eggy, you shall see what a man with a rude appetite can do when he sets down to the job. This is going to cost you a fiver or I'm a Dutchman! It'll pay off a few old scores—miserly, niggardly old beast!" Then, the idea



A MODERN PORTRAIT.

Her face does not matter so long as the dog and the jewels are prominent.

suddenly striking him afresh, he thrust his hands into his coat pockets and laughed aloud.

"Lord, fancy Eggy standing lunch!"

Chaton's parents had, some thirty-five years ago, in a misguided moment, named their son Egbert, and the sobriquet "Eggy" had been his ever since. He was not exactly popular among men, indeed, he was most unpopular; his niggardly ways were a byword at the clubs; but rumour tales went round of "bad Eggy Chaton."

Punctual to the minute, fearing a "plant," but determined to risk it, Townley entered the Savoy lounge. He immediately caught sight of Chaton's burly figure, accompanied by an ultra-fashionably dressed woman.

"Lud, he's brought the 'missus'; there's something in the wind!" was Jack's thought as he made his way towards them.

At the sound of his step the woman turned, and to his surprise it was not Adeline Chaton, but Mamie Vereker. She held out her hand, and he endeavoured not to look astonished.

"How are you, Mr. Townley? You're looking fit!"

"Oh, splendid, thanks; been down to Barton, you know. How is the fair and fascinating Mrs. Vereker? You are looking as young and beautiful as ever! How are you, Chaton? Thanks for the note. How's—business?" He had been about to enquire after Mrs. Chaton, then deemed it perhaps inadvisable.

They were both most effusive in their bearing towards him, and since, as a general rule, he merely passed them with a bow, he sat cudgelling his brains through numerous courses for a solution to this problem. It was a lunch for princes—the choicest the Savoy could produce, and Jack got more nervous as time went on, for he realised that there must be some stupendous reason for this unheard-of generosity on Eggy's part.

Mamie Vereker was animated, and, as usual, self-possessed. She flirted mildly with Chaton, and violently with Jack; the latter young man, although to all intents and purposes he entered into the game, made sure he was not allowing himself to be run away with, and subconsciously his hand kept wandering to his cheque-book.

Lunch over at last, Mamie retired to the lounge and left the two men sitting over their coffee.

"Now for it," thought Jack as he watched Eggy's none too handsome face with studied carelessness.

Talk drifted round to "the street." Jack immediately opined that Eggy wanted to borrow money, and smiled at the futility of the attempt. Then they discussed sailing, and for a moment the idea flashed through his mind that Eggy was going to make him an offer for his boat. But he went off to the subject of bull-pups, from that to the unsettled state of the country, and the prospects of war—after that, the annual sea-serpent trouble, until Jack was utterly bewildered, and Eggy more and more ill at ease. He talked faster and faster, until he became almost incoherent in his rapidity. Then came an awkward silence, which lasted fully two minutes. Eggy made one last futile attempt.

"Extraordinary how few flies there were about this season!"

Jack nodded his head sagely as though the remark was one of vital importance. He knew the psychological moment was at hand.

"Well, I suppose I mustn't keep you any longer, Townley. Good of you to lunch with us, you know. Of course, you're going to be a pal?"

Jack felt his way cautiously.

"A pal? I don't think I understand?"

"You won't mention anything—er—oh,—you know?"

"I'm afraid I don't."

"Well, I mean—this lunch—you must understand—oh, hang it—I don't want anyone to know Mamie and I were at Barton."

"Well, I'm damned! Were you two at Barton? Where the devil did you get to? I never saw you the whole time! How funny!"

Somehow, "Eggy" did not seem to fully appreciate the humour of the situation as he reluctantly handed over the crisp note in settlement of Jack Townley's free lunch.

LEON BELL.

The longer the days the shorter the nights, but many a man shortens his days by lengthening his nights.

It is not true that a man becomes useless at sixty or seventy. But it sometimes takes that long to discover that he wasn't any good in the first place.

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

AN HONEST CONFESSION.

Mother: And what did you do when he kissed you? Did you hand him his hat?

Daughter: Er—no, mamma. I hid it.

"I suppose classical music is all right in its place," said Maud.

"I'm sure of it," replied Mimie. "I don't care to listen to it myself, but sometimes you have to play it in order to get a man to go home."

PERIL AHEAD.

"Father, will I look like you when I grow up?"

"Everybody says you will, my boy."

"Well, I won't have to grow up for a long time yet, will I, father?"

When the baby came to Mary's home she was told that the doctor brought it. She thought he kept an unlimited supply. Mary had been taught that politeness was one of the greatest charms a person could possess.

One day the doctor called and said: "Mary, we have a new baby at our house. Would you like to go with me to see it?"

Mary was delighted. The baby was very tiny, only weighing three and a half pounds. When Mary saw this frail bit of humanity she turned her face up to the doctor and said: "I think you are very polite to take the smallest for yourself."

A REAL HERO.

Betty: I shall not wed until I can marry a hero.

Alice: Well, my dear, just show any man who proposes you a schedule of your yearly expenses, and if he doesn't kick out he's one.

Husband (after the theatre): "Well, how do you like the piece?"

Wife: "Very much. There's only one improbable thing about it. The second act takes place two years after the first, and they have the same servant."

CAREFUL.

"Won't you try a piece of my wife's angel cake?"

"Will it make an angel of me?"

"That will depend on the kind of life you have led."



And now do you understand why I have whipped you, you naughty boy?"

Yes, papa. It is because you are a heavy-weight, and I am only a light-weight."—*Le Sourire.*



ON THE IMPROVE.

Fond Grandmother: "Understand Spanish? Speak French and German? What a talented little lady you are, to be sure!"

The Little Lady (proudly): "Yes. And my governess says that after awhile I may speak English correctly."—*Punch*

Most of the trouble in this world is due to the fact that about one-half the people in it are men and the other half women.

HE KNEW.

Tommy: Father, what's the future of the verb "invest"?
Father (a congressman): Investigation.—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

A young Irishman was sent by his backers to a neighbouring city to box with an athlete living there.

He was getting the worst of it, as his friends soon realised. "Come, brace up, Jim," cautioned one of his friends. "Stop more of his blows."

"Stop thim!" the unfortunate Jim cried. "Do ye see anny av thim gettin' by me?"—*Harper's Weekly.*

ONLY SURFACE COLOURING.

Willie: Mamma, what's that stuck in papa's throat?

Mother: That's papa's Adam's apple.

Willie: And did he swallow it green?

Mother: Don't be grotesque, dear; papa wears a brass collar-button.—*Cornell Widow.*

"Supposing I decided to let you have the money, how do I know that I shall get it back at the time you mention?" said Spiffkins.

"I promise it, my boy, on the word of a gentleman," replied Biffkins.

"Ah, in that case, I may think better of it. Come round this evening, and bring him with you."—*Princeton Tiger.*

TOO RAPID.

"Isn't it queer the 'movies' never show us any of these Central American revolutions?"

"Not a bit. As a matter of truth, they haven't perfected a film-machine yet that can revolve as fast as the revolutions."—*St. Louis Republic.*

Wife: Yes, in a battle of tongues a woman can always hold her own.

Husband: Perhaps she can—but she never does.—*Denver News.*

A COMMON QUEST.

"I say, my friend," called the motorist to the farmer, as he drew up alongside of the field, "I'm looking for a decent road to take me into Squigglesville."

"I'm derved glad to hear it," replied the farmer. "Ef ye happen to find it, stranger, send me a tellygram, will ye?"—*Judge.*

NO OFFENCE MEANT.

Stude.—I wonder what makes my hair so thick?

Barber: Perhaps it's this going around with your head so much.—*Cornell Widow.*

LOOK OUT FOR OUR CHRISTMAS DOUBLE NUMBER NEXT WEEK.

INTERROGATIONS AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

If "Pa" Payne isn't feeling decidedly pleased with himself now that the Lotus Club has blossomed forth into full bloom?

If the much discussed postmen's strike will, after all, turn out to be nothing more alarming than the usual "rat-tat"?

The identity of the fashionably dressed young man who jerked a pawn-ticket out of his pocket when offering his card to a lady at the Ritz Hotel the other afternoon, and if the embarrassing incident did not have the effect of putting a decided damper on what looked like developing into a particularly promising acquaintance?

The name of the Southend clergyman who has buried a live cat for the amusement of his sweetheart?

If grit isn't the very best thing for grinding away adversity?

That the First Lord of the Admiralty is badly bitten with the flying craze, and that he has arranged with a prominent air-man to take lessons somewhere in the country in the early part of next year.

If a well-known member of Parliament is also about to take private instruction on one of the latest Blériot monoplanes, and what his wife will say when she hears about it?

If the pickled horseflesh sent regularly from Glasgow to the Continent is served as *banf à la cart*?

If Mr. George Cornwallis-West is thinking seriously of once more entering the holy bonds of matrimony, and if the object of his choice is a very young girl scarcely out of the school-room?

If the young Cambridge undergraduate sprained his ankle when climbing down a drain-pipe from a *rendez vous* with the fascinating little florist, and how his football team will get on without him in the coming match?

The name of the jovial member of the Sports Club who had a "faked" cigarette offered to him in the lounge the other day?

If he was not considerably startled when it suddenly cannoned from between his lips into the expansive shirt front of the fellow member seated opposite to him, and if he has registered a solemn vow to get even with the joker?

If "The Blue Stockings" are to be suspended at St. James's Theatre until further notice?

The name of the youthful peer's son who has just signed the pledge, and if his life is now being made a misery by the jibes of his friends?

That an actress, so far almost unknown, has just been paid a record sum for hush-money to relinquish a breach of promise action against one of the prominent bridegrooms of the year, and that if the case had come into Court it would have made exceedingly interesting reading?



"There's only one thing I didn't like about that Salome dancer."
"What's that?"
"Her veil."

The name of the well-known theatrical manager who has just declared that he will never engage another "Star" to figure in his plays, and what was the trouble with the last?

That the representatives of the Bishop who went on Tuesday night to see "Who's the Lady," used their opera glasses very freely.

The name of Parliamentary member who is at present being scandalously blackmailed by a former valet, and if, in spite of the unfortunate document of which the latter has obtained possession, it would not be far wiser to place the matter in the hands of the police?

That there is talk of another new music-hall shortly to be erected in the West End, and that a sum of nearly half a million is to be expended upon it.

The name of the young American financier who has just eloped with an Irish nun, and if their destination is South Africa?

How much the wife of the London solicitor is earning as a masseuse in Bond Street?

If the benevolent-looking old gentleman who took the young stock-broker's top hat from the Slater's restaurant in mistake for his own has any intention of returning it?

If the Post Office employees are feeling particularly civil just at present?

If the Islington grocer who sent an explosive letter to his rate collector was of the opinion that the latter needed a blowing up?

If it is a fact that Mrs. Churchill has had a serious quarrel with the Duke of Marlborough?

If the unpleasantness arose out of a very heated political argument which took place on board the Ensisie, and if Mr. Churchill have now decided not to spend Christmas with the Duke at Blenheim, but to spend it as previously arranged?

Whether the New Guinea cannibals are unique in considering the leg the choicest portion of a human being?

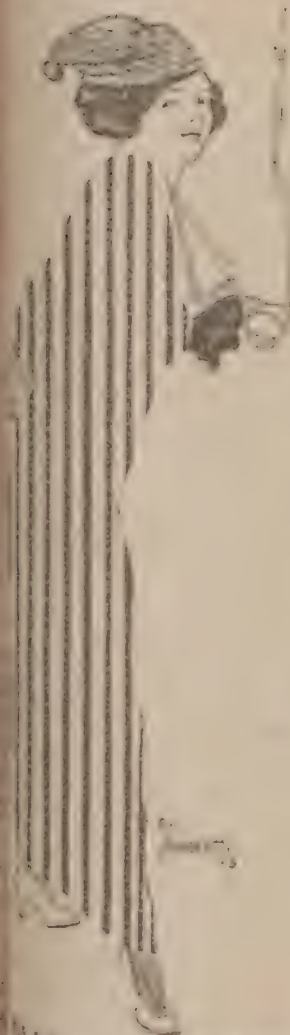
If Lady Victoria Cavendish-Bentinck hasn't rather surprised society by refusing her affections to the wealthy peer and bestowing them upon the young Sussex estate agent of totally obscure birth and fortune?

How much money Lord Howard de Walden has contributed to the production of "The Romance of India," and if he now wishes he had kept it securely in his own pocket?

The identity of a lady authoress who gave a "pyjama supper" in her flat at St. John's Wood the other evening, and if the party eventually broke up at 6 o'clock the morning?

The name of the dainty vaudeville actress who visited certain night club with Lord Portarlington the other evening?

What the proprietors of the "Woman's Beauty Bureau" mean by stating in an advertisement of some face powder that "One of our titled customers has never put any else on for years, and is not ashamed to own it?"



Wireless certainly is a boon and a blessing to man! The Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham, could not have had Miss Violet Loraine for its principal boy had it not been possible to summon her from realms afar by this method—the first instance, by the way, of a theatrical “boy” being engaged by wireless. How many know what was one of the first—if not the actual first—of private messages sent through space by this means? It was addressed to a well-known theatrical manager from an acquaintance of his on a liner in mid-Atlantic, and ran: “Engage double-bedded room, Hotel, and two stalls Saturday night ‘Merrie Widow.’ Mrs. S. not to know I am in Europe! S.”

Whether the London massage establishment case will result in a severe rubbing in for somebody?

That the Southwark Boy Scouts derived much amusement from the inscription over the fireplace in the servants' dining hall at the Mansion House, which reads: “Swear not. Lie not. Whosoever eats or drinks in this hall with his on shall forfeit sixpence or ride the wooden horse”!

son rushed to sign the pledge. Our licensed victuallers are much perturbed, and are considering the advisability of appealing to the Government to discountenance such cinema operations in England.

What were the adjutant's feelings when he saw the pair of blue and white *Kien Lun* vases that had been missing from his collection, and for which he had paid £150, displayed for sale at the Caledonian “rag-market”? If his valet is now looking for another situation, and how many other trusted servants would be given the “embroidered bag” if their employers also paid a visit to that Friday market?

Why Dr. Georg Brandes, because of his Jewish descent, was refused admission into Russia, while Dr. Israel, the famous genito-urinary specialist, also of the same race, was hastily summoned by the Czarina herself to attend the Czarewitch?

The name of the heavily veiled lady who seemed so strangely out of place in the “Provence” at twelve o'clock last Wednesday night? If it was not a case of blackmail, and if it was not wise of her tormentor to forget the appointment now that she has a “Royal Flush” against his “Full House”?

What the three-foot midget with the Imperial beard was doing there on the following evening? And if his outward charms alone were sufficient to gain his object?

How the Bishop of Carlisle enjoyed his visit to London? What he saw in Piccadilly Circus that caused him “to try to turn a blind eye on the follies” around him? How he lost the sight of that optic?

If it is a fact that women are to be admitted to a Masonic Lodge in New Zealand?

MASTER OF CRAFT.

There was great rejoicing amongst husbands in the button-up-the-back dresses went out in fashion, but what will they say when they see the thirty-button boot which is supposed to be coming from America.

It will be a merry time this year at Tango when the girls begin to adopt the new fashion of having the name of their favourite author, artist, or sweetheart, auto-graphed on their stockings. Girls have worn their sweetheart's photograph on their stockings, but what will happen if a girl has the initials of three or four *cher amis* on one stocking?

The festival of the little shop girls in Paris and also the French work girls of London—“Catherine's Day,” has just passed. On St. Catherine's Day every maiden attaining the age of 25 must doff the cap of St. Catherine and proclaim herself “an old maid.” How many English “girls” of 25 and—over would be able to put on the knowing little cap on this occasion if the fashion prevailed in England?

Jack Johnson enjoyed his wrestling-fights in Paris? And if Johnson's Dictionary was corrected by strange words used during the fight?

by the Rev. A. J. Waldron, after championing the cause of demure little lightly-clad girls, should take up the question of Ulster? If the first subject does not naturally suggest the second?

Following on the escape of the eight cinema burglars into the streets of Liepzig, and the capture of the cinema tiger in France last week, comes news of the panic caused by the simultaneous overtures made by a huge boa-constrictor in a Parisian underground railway. Simultaneously we hear that thousands of men on the Continent have for some unknown rea-



NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

“Ye're no for smokin' now, Sandy. How's that?”
“Well, ye see it's a verra expensive habit, gin ye buy yer ain tobacco; and gin ye borrow frae a friend ye hae to ram it in sac tight the pipe winna dra'.”

TABLOID TOPICS.

The "Twelve o'clocks" at the Aeolian Hall are going like one o'clock.

Pure Milk Hostels are to be run by the crème de la crème of Society.

"Music-hall stars in church." Ranging themselves with the heavenly bodies.

Don't take your cameras to Italy. They are sure to be regarded as spy glasses.

"Mystery of Fleet Paymaster!" Strange! It is generally the slow paymaster who is the dark 'un.

Mr. Ian Hamilton, M.P., has written an anti-Home Rule hymn. Now the Ian will enter the Redmond soul.

Miss Emerson, a militant suffragette, has had her skull fractured twice. Now she is resting on her oars.

At Nottingham a gipsy dived from a balcony ten feet high. Romeo business reversed. Perhaps the Juliet was in the garden.

We have to bewail the curbing of the kerb penny toy merchant. The penny tray will soon be non-existent to the most penetrative eye.

Two Birkenhead teetotallers declare that they saw a ghost on Oxted Common. It was the skeleton of a ghost. Teetotallers have a peculiar way of taking spirits.

Judge Parry's papers on the Law and the Poor now appearing in the *Sunday Chronicle* are worthy of notice. His Honour thrusts boldly, and the Parry can be depended upon.

Mr. Louis, of Louis and Wain, possesses a performing cat who can execute sixteen tricks on the stage. Is there a trainer who can produce a cat that will not perform—on the tiles?

There has been a deal of cackle about casting the lead keel of Sir Thomas Lipton's new challenger for the America Cup. The most important question is—Will Shamrock IV's keel lead?

Mr. Thomas Russell, advertising expert, says that soap is better advertised in England than it is in America. And yet the capital of the States is permanently on show as Washing Town.

A barmaid of Droitwich was awarded damages for breach. The defendant met her while he was travelling as advance agent for "Raffles." She ought to have known that Raffles were lotteries, within the meaning of the Act.

The Countess of Warwick has begun her job on the *Daily Sketch* by letting it be known that she has had animal pets, from an elephant to a chinchilla. We have had too many of the latter sort, when the shaving water has been cold.

The *Evening News* speaks bitterly of the "free-and-easy Tommy-make-room-for-your-uncle manner" of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. But the real trouble with the Tories is that Uncle George and his party refuse to make room for the anti-Georges.

Mr. C. Brown, an ex-police-sergeant, of Kingston-on-Thames, is said to be curing diseases of various kinds by stroking the patients with his hands. He probably learned the art when in the Force, for many a stalwart bobby has cured a recalcitrant offender by putting him to sleep with his hands.

An ailing seven-year-old child at Homerton was given a mixture composed of Irish moss, black treacle, laudanum, peppermint, and paregoric. The kiddie died; and the Coroner's jury returned a verdict of death from "natural causes," on the principle, no doubt, that it would have been altogether unnatural to survive such a decoction.

To be had in Battersea Park. The last rows of

Strawberries are to be seen on the Underground. we suppose?

Hammerstein did not hit the right nail on the head. The King's-way is not the people's way.

On the stump. At the annual dinner of a Liverpool cricket club one speaker spoke for over an hour.

Another theatrical experiment fails, says a daily re the L.O.H. But theatres always pay in the long run.

"How it feels to be shot"—news par headline. We don't know. Having the bullet is a rotten hard-hit feeling, however.

"Are trees unhealthy?" The Eastbourne Medical Society declares that they are. Sir H. B., however, appears to be pretty strong.

"Boys who ate stolen jam"—says a *Mirror* headline. How silly! What else should they do with it? Clean their boots with it, perhaps!

"Horses that prefer acting"—news par. headline. We saw one acting the goat by butting a plate-glass window with its buttock the other day.

The cremated body of William Fearis Woods has arrived in New York by parcel post. It has found a well urned rest in the Flushing Cemetery.

Part of a store of radium purchased by public subscription has been missed from the Hull Town Hall. We should imagine the thief to be a lighter-man.

In Carmen at Covent Garden, says the *Daily Chronicle*, M. Raoul Toront, as Don Jose, sang only moderately. One would at least have expected a rapid delivery.

"The art of blushing" reads a placard. Certainly there is a good deal of art in it. A blush at an inopportune moment has drawn forth many a shame-faced confession.

Seagulls, it appears, through feeding on offal, have probably been the cause of the foot-and-mouth disease. The explanation, after all, is awfully simple—simply offal.

The Rugby Moulders' Strike we read about in the papers has nothing to do with the alleged propensity of the Harlequins to knock corners off their opponents.

A man has been charged with endeavouring to induce noted footballer to make a draw of a match. Artists for picture papers (our own included) will have to be careful.

At a lecture on "Colour-hearing" it was stated that human voice has its own distinctive colour, some being green. For revised list of great variety of apply Billingsgate.

Attention has been called to the condition of a house when in wet weather, the occupier has to take an umbrella to be with him to keep himself dry. That's the worst of these places with big rents.

In Chicago a Solomon-brained judge has sentenced a man to be a housewife for a week. It is to be hoped this will not result in the wife proper imagining that she is entitled to wear the trousers for ever after.

Mr. Albert Mills, who for 26 years suffered from osteomalacia, left estate valued at £250. Whoever it is left to will make no bones about taking it. The sum is not large, but it shows that the "brittle man" was not at breaking point.

The suffragettes have a mysterious martyr in the shape of a man supposed to have been killed at a political meeting. But no one knows where the body lies. They seem determined to have their own way of putting men under.



"If yer don't do what I tell yer, Tommy, I'll get yer father ter 'ide yer."
"Garn! Better go and 'ide yerself—'cos farver's comin' round the corner an' yer know what 'ee's like when the dinner ain't ready."

WIT AND WISDOM.

No wonder so many girls are giddy, if love really makes the world go round.
* * *
The trouble about an easy job is that you have to work seven hours a day to keep somebody else from getting it.
* * *
Many a rich girl makes a poor wife.
* * *
Tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth if you want trouble.
* * *
If you would be popular, be both charitable and stingy with applause and stingy with advice.
* * *
Many a young man has invested in a marriage license after he has been given a hypnotic suggestion that he was in love.
* * *
Many a good husband hasn't the nerve to be otherwise.

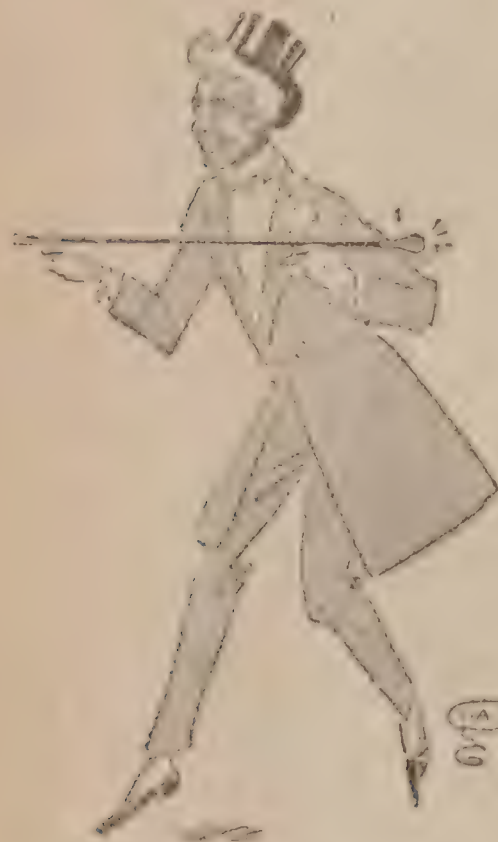
No, Cordelia, a young man isn't necessarily slow because it takes him a long time to fasten a pretty girl's glove.
* * *
Fortunately for the style factories women have no sense of humour.
* * *
It is better to be missed after you are dead than to have your wife throw things at you while you are alive.
* * *
When you search for honour among thieves take a policeman along.
* * *
Expert swimmers keep their mouths closed. Few women are expert swimmers.
* * *
It's easy to fill empty heads with hot air.
* * *
Second thoughts are best, because they are usually less expensive.

IN STAGELAND.

I was present at a remarkable matinee of all the talents organised by Mr. Victor Gibbs on behalf of the Islington Borough Charities Association, and held at Finsbury Park Empire last week. Mr. Harry Lauder was billed, but neither appeared nor explained. The programme was so packed with excellent material, however, that this latter incident passed unnoticed. A really superlative gem of novel entertainment was afforded by the usually dry-as-dust procedure of reading to the audience the financial statement.

This duty was very generously undertaken by Sir Herbert Tree, and one is rarely afforded so extraordinary an opportunity of comparing, by no means unkindly, of course, the elocutionary methods of the immaculate figurehead of theatrical rectitude and the municipal "nut," who is generally a big-hearted man of business inseparable from his locality. Thus it was that we were entertained vastly last Thursday.

It baffles comprehension that a child of thirteen can hold packed audiences of modern twice-nightly variety in rapt attention through seventeen minutes of undiluted Shakespearean drama. Yet this is an actual achievement to the credit of little Cora Goffin, as may be proved at Croydon this week, at various suburban halls and at the Palladium after Christmas.



G. H. ELLIOTT (Coliseum).

Which reminds me that the evergreen "Alice in Wonderland" is to delight us again this season. Mr. Chudleigh, in collaboration with Mr. Bernhardt, is producing Lewis Carroll's classic, with a splendour never previously attempted, at the Comedy Theatre, on December 22nd. Cora Goffin will play Alice, supported by Mr. Hayden Coffin or Mr. Clive Currie as the Hatter. Although the former casting will undoubtedly see the

highest degree of ability ever extracted from this much-played role since Miss Ellaline Terriss played it at a much more advanced age than Cora Goffin's, it is difficult exactly to discern in what particular the undoubted abilities of either of the above-named gentlemen will conform to the essential comedy attributes necessary to the "Mad Hatter." It is quite probable, however, that I may be under-estimating their capabilities, as no comedy part of the nature demanded by this rôle has ever been played by these actors.

"Are You There?—Prince of Wales' Theatre?" "Wrong number! Get off the line! Ask for Trunk and get ooo Yankee Oblivion!"

I attended the Garrick to see "Who's the Lady?" as promised last week, and found a harmful mediocrity almost saved from its own natural vulgarity by the charming personality of dear Miss Jean Aylwin. How on earth Miss Aylwin consented to undertake so graceless an office is almost impossible of understanding. The horrible innuendo of silence and darkness which follows the extinction of the two candles outside the two bedrooms is indeed too strong a proposition altogether, and tends to attract the not very desirable type of "blood" rather than the usual Garrick. Still, when all is said and done (if anything will be done!) one must admit that there is nothing to complain of in "Who's the Lady?" if the standard of good taste in variety and "legitimate" circles is to be adjudged on the same basis, for there are far worse events, on similar

lines, occurring in contemporary variety with comparatively ineffective protest.

Last week, also, "Le Petit Cabaret" was seen, and nothing, I regret, can be added to my heartfelt wish that a great proportion of this alleged "revue" had been allowed to remain within its own American environment. Two features are welcomed.

It is well dressed and the cast contains the two best tango dancers I have yet seen. In other respects I would that it were possible for some iron-handed official to ship them back to America—steerage!

"Le Petit Cabaret" features an exhibition of that intimate lingerie that is not accurately describable in the more careful journalism, and in this attire six chorus ladies sit crosslegged on the floor and pull on a stocking apiece. This completed, just to lend further point to a

much over-pointed piece of "business," six ineffable youths in student's smocks carry the women off on their shoulders. There is a duet sung by Miss Claude and a male artist, containing verses which are not at all the thing—one concerning a cat offending us particularly. Surely, surely, we may beg of managements generally to overhaul and restrain these Americans' efforts.

It is scarcely to be credited, but the above "act" is approved by the *Evening News*, whose contributor, "The Man in the Stalls," says that it is "a merry, daring piece, quite void of offence." Could the eccentricity of inverted opinion reach more harmful limits? At this critical period all the responsible Press of influence should help suppress the cult of the leer. They can do more to this end than the managers, and the Clergy would have more time to spare on their parishes.

Mr. Gulliver is indeed to be congratulated on the acquisition of "Hullo! Ragtime" for his Christmas show. Not one whit has it lost of its old clean briskness. Miss Fanny Brice, as the new Shirley Kellogg, is the happiest possible idea, and, like Miss Kellogg herself, is one of those rare artistes who have done so much to counteract the evil influence that many of her compatriots have exercised on our stage recently.

This and "What ho! Ragtime!" are both from the pen of Mr. Austen Hurgon, and are unquestionably two of the best revues ever seen in London. Both are working for the L.T.V. at the moment.



MARGARET COOPER.



ONE OF THE LE GROHS (Coliseum).
A bit handy with her feet.

ALL THE USUAL FEATURES, AND MANY CLEVER STORIES AND SKETCHES.



MARIE MANCINI.



Royal and Noble Love Affairs.

No. 31.

THE STORY OF AN UGLY DUCKLING.

(CONCLUDED.)

Marie Mancini, though now cast off by King Louis for the Spanish Infanta, still believed that the King could love none but herself. To the day of her death she cherished the delusion that if she could only penetrate to the chamber of Louis XIV. he would fall at her feet, press her amorously to his breast, and refuse ever again to part with her! Never was woman so completely deceived as poor Marie Mancini. She fondly cherished the belief that the King's love for her was as great as hers for him. She was incapable of realising that his was a man's love! When he fell ill she gave way to intemperate grief. She amazed the Court with her screams, her sobs, her torrents of tears. All etiquette and good manners were forgotten. In the face of Heaven and earth she gave way to furious despair and killed herself with weeping! That was the trouble of Marie Mancini's whole life. She never knew any half-measures—she either loved or she hated. It was her tragic seriousness which so enthralled Louis XIV. But like most other women who hold men by their rash display of unbridled passion, when the parting comes it is received with relief—on one side at least! And so it was with Marie Mancini. Though she never in all her life realised that the King's love for her was dead, it was with no little sense of relief that he saw her hurried off to Rochelle, so that she should not spoil his wedding with the Spanish Infanta. She had upset all the arrangements for marrying the King to Margaret of Savoy, and the King's mother was determined that no kink should enter the marriage negotiations of Louis and the princess from Spain. So in the Convent of Brouage at La Rochelle Marie was interned, until everything was over, and the King properly "married and done for."

King Louis "The Slave of a Pair of Black Eyes."

At La Brouage Marie was closely watched day and night. They knew that if she could escape back to Fontainebleau there would be no Royal wedding. Marie would rush at the King, and tear him literally from the arms of the Spaniard. That had been the secret of her success with the King. It had not been her beauty. Her nose was clumsy; her mouth and eyes out of drawing; her cheeks were heavy, almost to comeliness; but had she had the beauty of Venus she could not have enthralled the heart of Louis XIV. more completely. When she approached, all resolution left him. What remained of commonsense in the young King's heart after he met her was drowned in a torrent of passion. Burning vows; savage anger; loving and caressing words—he knew them all, and lived in a state of perpetual intoxication! He was no longer master; he was the slave of a pair of black eyes. So there was no wonder that the whole Court of France was in a ferment of excitement until the Royal nuptials were over.

How Mazarin got His Nieces Married.

In her dingy castle, Marie Mancini raved and cursed at her fate, the while her kinglet was (as she thought) being tied up to a woman he abhorred! But when the deed was done, she, woman-like, decided to alter her tactics. And much to his amazement, old Cardinal Mazarin one day received from Marie a gentle little note, in which she offered her entire submission to his will, gave up all claims to the King, thanked him for all his kindness to her, and promised to be a good little girl! Mazarin was delighted! So that peril was past, and he could breathe freely once more. "Sweet Marie, dear Marie!" She should return to Paris; she should have a rich and handsome husband; she should have everything that could make life worth living. The Cardinal was enraptured with Marie, and before

she realised what had taken place, she was again in "purple and fine linen" in Paris, with the gallant Prince Charles of Lorraine at her feet. It was wonderful what Cardinal Mazarin could do for his own kith and kin. The eldest of the Mancini girls, Laure, had been wedded to the Duke of Mercœur, grandson of Henry V. and the beautiful Gabrielle; Anne Martinezzi, another niece, had been married to the Prince de Conti, brother of the great Condé, and of Royal blood. Another Martinezzi girl (Mazarin had two sets of nieces in Paris) was the Duchess of Modena; and Olympe Mancini had been allied to Prince Eugene of Carignan, Count of Soissons, belonging to the House of Savoy. The loveliest of the Mancinis, Hortense, was still unwed.

A Mad Amour with Lorraine.

Marie Mancini's *affaire* with the Prince of Lorraine was as mad as usual. He was a delightful fellow; and whether out of chagrin at the King's marriage, or because she knew no restraint, she carried on her amour with Lorraine in a very tempest of passion. Within a week she was meeting him secretly in quiet groves and churches, with an Italian abbé as go-between. Marie knew no bounds, no discretion. Her passion drove her mad! "It would have been as easy to imprison lightning in a cloud as to prevent an explosion from Marie!" She swore a hundred times a day that if she were not allowed to marry Lorraine she would drown herself. And in the midst of this wild romance the King, with his Spanish wife, returned to Paris. It was not till he reached Fontainebleau that he learned that the girl over whom he had shed so many tears before and since he had wedded the Infanta, had already found another lover, and was as amorously wild as ever! It was a blow to Louis's pride from which he never recovered! The King, who had suffered sincerely through being forced to break with her for "state reasons," was angry, chagrined, wounded, that she could so soon have found solace with another! And he never forgave her!

A Tempestuous Interview with Louis XIV.

The meeting of Marie with the young King was tragic. The Cardinal compelled her to go to Court to pay her respects to the new Queen, Marie Therese. This meant another "explosion"—and the King got it. Marie demanded a private audience of him. As he could refuse her nothing, she soon found herself alone with His Majesty. She fondly imagined that no power was the key turned upon the King and herself than he would melt in her arms, cover her with kisses, and atone over the "wrongs" he had offered her! But Louis did nothing of the kind. With the Prince of Lorraine ever in his mind, he listened to Marie's protestations of love, as a lawyer listens to the story of a "wronged woman"; and, instead of throwing himself into Marie's arms, he calmly told her stories of the charm of his Spanish wife, and what excellent parts she possessed. This was the last thing Marie had expected. When she recovered from her surprise, and found breath to express her disillusionment, she hurled torrents of abuse at His Majesty, called the gods to witness her distress, and swept out of the Palace with her heart on fire with chagrin and mortification.

The Parting with Louis.

However, Cardinal Mazarin soon found the presence of Marie Mancini in Paris embarrassing, so he determined to rid the Court of her. Lorraine was prevailed upon to give his hand elsewhere, and Marie was betrothed to Prince Colonna, the Constable of Rome. So anxious was everybody to see the last of the fiery

ex-mistress of King Louis that His Majesty himself went with her to the altar to see her married by proxy to Colonna. Marie had never seen Colonna; and though she heard all his virtues, the parting with Paris was "dreadful!" At the altar "Marie bore herself with dignity and haughtiness, but at the first halt out of Paris she was so overcome by the violence she had exerted over herself to hide her feelings, that she nearly died!"

However, Colonna proved to be not merely a very smart cavalier, but an uncommonly affable and easy-going one. For months Marie showed him nothing but aversion and spitefulness, but he never lost his smile. He cradled her afresh in luxury, spent his days in gratifying her every wish, and was patience personified in putting up with her caprices.

A Pot-Bellied Cardinal for Lover.

There was, perhaps, good reason for this. Cardinal Mazarin had died leaving Hortense and Marie heiresses to a fortune of ten million francs. The old miser had died counting over his money, so that his Christmas present to the new Queen of ten thousand pistoles should consist only of coins which were under weight. Prince Colonna had satisfactory compensation, therefore, for his rich wife's peccadilloes, so long as she remained faithful to him. Children came of the union at a furious pace. Marie was soon the mother of five little Colonnas, and as the fifth nearly cost her her life she decided to have no more. Colonna then began to "roam," and Marie followed suit. No man could resist her ardent passion and subtle blandishments; and ere long her *liaison* with the pot-bellied Cardinal Chigi was the "talk" of Rome. And there was plenty to talk about! Once the Cardinal and Colonna's wife spent a whole fortnight camping out in the woods! Then there was the Chevalier de Lorraine. The "little fishmonger," they called Marie in Rome, for in that city she was born, and there she had at one time hawked fish. The glory of being able to queen it in the Roman capital with so gallant and gorgeous a cavalier as Lorraine was too much for her, especially when he appeared in a magnificent hunting suit worth one thousand pistoles, which she herself had presented to him.

Later Adventures of Marie and Hortense Mancini.

Quite in the true Mancini vein, Marie now set herself to shock all Rome. She had a bath made for herself and Lorraine on the Tiber, near the Porta de Popola. This was more than Prince Colonna could stand: and when Marie heard that her sister Hortense had fled for ever from the Duke de la Milleraye, Marie decided to follow her example. Hortense took refuge with her sister in Rome, and on the 22nd of May, 1672, the two sisters finally escaped from Rome in men's attire. They had innumerable adventures before they arrived in Marseilles, being shipwrecked, robbed by pirates, and then quarantined at the French ports until they could buy passports. But from the very hour of their escape the emissary of Prince Colonna dogged Marie everywhere, while Louis XIV. had another officer equally enjoying the chase after Hortense. Eventually the sisters decided to go different ways. Hortense, closely pursued by Captain Polastron, crossed the French frontier; Marie made her way to Paris.

A Terror to all the Nuns of Europe.

The news soon spread that Marie Mancini had been recognised in Provence in male attire, and Louis XIV. took alarm at once! The King had never been known to prove ungrateful to a woman who had pleased him, and Marie Mancini was the "love of his life." But Louis still remembered his red and swollen eyes when Cardinal Mazarin had refused to let him marry his niece, and he still remembered his numerous successors! So he promptly ordered Marie to be arrested, and confined in a convent, as a punishment for her desertion of her husband in Rome! Until Marie was reported, the King lived with his "heart in his mouth!" He went in mortal fear that she would burst in upon him within the deepest recesses of his palace. Every time he thought of her he saw those two coal-black eyes fiercely turned upon him, like those of a tigress torn from her young! So he ordered Marie to be confined in a convent at least sixty miles from Paris, and, after a fearful chase through France and many escapes from Gilbertière, who was in pursuit, she was at last secured and interned in a nunnery.

But there was no holding her. Time and time again she bored holes in her prison walls and escaped to roam the byways of France, Spain, Holland and Italy, constantly being captured and interned, and as frequently getting free again, as skilfully as any professional housebreaker. And what a terror Marie Mancini proved amongst the nuns! At one time the Papal Nuncio had to threaten a convent with excommunication, in order to induce the nuns to receive her!

The Love of Colonna.

And all this time poor Colonna longed to take her back to Rome, and when at last he located her in a convent in Madrid, he took up his residence in the dusty Spanish capital, happy only to be near his loved one. With all her faults, her blazing tempers, her abuse, her amours, her utter disregard for the conveniences, Colonna loved her like a dog. Day by day he sent flowers to the convent; wrote poetry in her honour; and courted her like any love-sick youth of twenty! Marie, as might have been expected, spurned Colonna's blind devotion, and chose for

lover the ugliest man in Madrid. Eventually she sought protection under Colonna's roof, and having once regained possession of her, he shut her up as in a trap. When Marie discovered that she was a prisoner, she raised all the dust in Madrid, took the King, Queen, Ministers, and the Grand Inquisitor to right her "wrong," and eventually another fraternity of monks were prevailed upon to receive her. They might as well have received a she-devil! This was Colonna's death blow, and he died with her name upon his lips, blessing her as the breath left his body.

"Dust and Ashes!"

In the year 1705 Marie Mancini, alone and forgotten, was recognised near Paris. All the greatness of the Mazarin tribe had departed. Death, banishment, public opprobrium, and suicide had put an end to the upstart Mancinis, and every family into which they had married had suffered the worst possible luck! Marie Mancini, once the idol of the Roi Soleil, and the luckiest woman of her age, ended up her tragic career as a witch, and died at Pisa, where, with her hand trembling in death, she wrote her own epitaph,

Marie Mancini Colonna.

Ashes and Dust.

To this day her memorial in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Pisa bears this epitaph, as the sole record of the wonderful career of "the Ugly Duckling," who was the greatest female member of the Mazarin family.

- Next Week:

THE ROMANCE OF LADY ANNE LUTTRELL AND THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

It is appalling to think of the heap of money, time, and trouble which has been spent over the slander action just to discover whether we are to consider "Ghent" as a proper or improper noun, and whether there is any danger to be expected from it becoming too common.

* * *

In the body of a goose killed at Livingston, New Jersey, a farmer found a small watch-charm which he lost twenty years ago. It bore a charmed life in consequence, evidently. By the bye, the goose must have been a tough customer to grapple with, even in death.



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MODERN SPORT FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

Many of us raise our eyebrows and turn up our noses when the subject of boxing is mentioned, but not so many miss a night at the National when the opportunity serves. During late weeks I have seen one or two people there, superior folk



'BOB' BENSON.

WOOLWICH
ARSENAL'S NEW BACK.

With little minds some of them, who have declaimed on the brutality of boxing in the columns of newspapers, who were among the most engrossed of the onlookers at the sport provided. A fight appeals to human nature, and the weakling is fonder of a scrap (from an armchair point of vantage) than of one else.

THE BOOM IN BOXING.

Boxing at the National, save from one unmentionable point of view, has been better this season than for a good many years. We have not had the star fights perhaps yet, but we have got a lot of good men coming along, thanks to the boom which the sport is going through, and the general average is higher than it has ever been.

Yet with it all one sighs for the good old days of the game when men stood upright in a manly attitude and trusted to their good right arm to ward off the blows aimed at their faces, and did not crouch like a couple of monkeys, playing for the body so much. It was an exception for a boxer to knock out his opponent with a blow to the body; now it is the rule to attempt at any rate to weaken one's opponent by repeated visitations to the solar plexus, even if a coup de grace comes on the point.

A BOXER OF THE OLD TYPE.

We had a boxer of the old type at the National last Monday in Seaman Hayes, one of the most popular boxers with members of the National Sporting Club. He has again again demonstrated that battles can be won in the old style, and Young Cohen will give him every testimonial he can with regard to the power and efficiency of his

match went to the seventh round, but Cohen was slowly weakening from the force of Hayes's attack in the second or three rounds before the knock-out took place. He hit his man a tremendous half-arm jab on the point, with all the power of his sturdy body behind it. He knew he had done the trick, and as Cohen reeled and would have collapsed, he stretched out his hand and held him up until Cohen's seconds came to their man's assistance and practically carried him to his corner. It was some minutes before

Cohen came round. I wonder how many boxers would have been as chivalrous as the seaman, and refrained from a second blow to make assurance doubly sure.

THE WELLS-CARPENTIER MATCH.

Bombardier Wells is another Seaman Hayes in the sense that he would not take the slightest advantage over a beaten opponent. I have only once seen him defeated, and that was when he, meaning to be merciful to Gunner Moir, whom he thought he had beaten, stepped into a full punch from the ex-champion and paid the penalty. He has been training for roughing it with Carpentier, and win or lose at the National to-night Wells will go into the ring a fitter man than he has ever been before.

Wells is, however, not quite of the type of which world's champions are made. He is a fine light-weight boxer, cast in too big a mould. The Bombardier would have been another Freddy Welsh on his feet and a much prettier boxer. He is another of the old school, and his play is rather that of the fencer with the foil than the man-at-arms with the two-handed broadsword. He is the gentleman of the profession, and his methods have been too refined to be successful against more rugged opponents.

WELLS IN FINE FETTER.

But this time we are told that Wells has worked hard at his boxing with men who could extend him. Pat O'Keefe, whom all of us regard as the middle-weight champion, has been in his camp, and has been playing Carpentier methods against him, with the result that Wells is better equipped to combat them than he was at the last meeting.

CARPENTIER ALSO CONFIDENT.

Carpentier has also trained honestly, and like the Bombardier is quite confident of success. As an instance of the extraordinary interest in the match it was said that every ticket was sold last Monday. The purse of £3,000 is the biggest ever put up by the National Sporting Club, but that the policy of doing it is a good one from a commercial point of view is proved by the fact that at prices ranging from £3 3s. to £15 15s. the house is sold out and a big profit made. I don't think the fight will last long; if it does go the full time Wells is a certain winner. I anticipate Wells' victory with a knock-out inside five rounds.

SOME CURIOUS CHAMPIONS.

Willie Ritchie having somewhat rehabilitated himself in the eyes of even the American press, is coming to England, but it will take wild horses to drag him into the ring with Fred Welsh. The American champion is dead afraid of the man who has twice gained the world's championship on a forfeited match; once because Ad. Wolgast met with an accident, and once because Willie Ritchie ran away from Vancouver in the night time sooner than face the Welsh wizard in the ring. And Ritchie is the man that the precious International Boxing Union declared the light-weight champion. Is any further comment necessary as to the weight to be placed on the decisions of that self-constituted body?

Gunboat Smith is the world's heavy-weight champion in the eyes of the British public. When Jack Johnson ran away and forfeited to Sam Langford at the National Sporting Club, by all our rules Langford became champion without a fight. Johnson has so frequently skipped out of matches since he beat Tommy Burns that the decision of the Union that the title is void is more reasonable than that Johnson holds it. As Gunboat Smith has beaten Langford he has the most reasonable claim to the



McFADDEN.

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THAT HE HAS PLAYED
HIS LAST GAME FOR CLAPTON
ORIENT.

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voided honour, and if he meets Wells over here it will be for the world's championship.

OXFORD v. CAMBRIDGE.

Which will win, Oxford or Cambridge? The Rugger match and the boat race are the two great events at the 'Varsities, and even the cricket match and the Athletics take back seats when these two events are on the tapis. The Soccer match since the split has fallen from its high estate, and 'Varsity Association football is at about the same level as hockey and some of the minor sports.

So this year we are looking for a great game. The favourites for the big contest at Queen's, the side which has done best in its trial games, generally does well at West Kensington. Cambridge have won eleven of their thirteen games, drawn one, and lost one; Oxford have played fourteen matches, of which they have won eight, lost six and drawn one, form which points to the great superiority of the light blues.

But 'Varsity matches are not won on paper and past form. It is how the men shape in the critical struggle which counts.

It is the match of the year to most Rugby enthusiasts, and it is a pity that it is not played in a better equipped ground from the spectators' point of view than Queen's Club. For the final polish to the teams for tomorrow's great match V. H. Cartwright, a most famous leader, has taken Oxford in hand, and no less a person than J. Daniell coached the Cantabs in team combination. I fancy Cambridge will win a hard match.

INTERESTING CHARITY FOOTBALL.

Much amusement was caused at Fulham last Monday in the match between Mr. George Robey's stage eleven and a newspaper team got to-



gether by Mr. J. M. Dick. It would be wrong to describe the Press team as journalists, only the minority being writers, the others being engaged in the business side of newspaper work. The Press won by 3 to 1. It is said that one prominent West London football critic will get the bird the next time he goes to Craven Cottage or Stamford Bridge.

A much more important match, also at Craven Cottage, takes place next Thursday (December 11th), when a team of Actors and Music Hall Artistes will meet a team of champion golfers got together by C. H. Mayo, the Burhill professional, in aid of the *Daily Mirror* Christmas Pudding Fund, which has done so much to gladden the hearts of London's poorest kiddies at Christmastide during the last five winters. Christmas puddings and sweets of all kinds, and toys are put in the parcels which have brightened many a poor home.

In the actors' team Harry Welchman, who is making such a success in "The Pearl Girl" at the Shaftesbury, will have among his assistants such popular favourites as Robt. Hale, who "kept smiling" in goal despite a nasty kick on the shin last week. Bob Hale is one of the most versatile of sports, and is as bright and merry among his friends as he is on the boards.

Bombardier Wells has definitely promised to turn out, so that those who cannot see the big fellow on Monday can see him in a game he plays well enough for most League teams on Thursday for sixpence. Miss Iris Hoey has promised to kick off, and Lauri de Frece and Vivian Woodward will act as linesmen. Phil Kelso, the manager of the Fulham club and a great Scottish golfer (he is a rare pal of George Duncan's), will referee.

Mayo's team will include the triumvirate of British golfers who went to America (Harry Vardon, Ted Ray and Wilfrid

Reid), George Duncan (the most successful man in League last season), the two Aytons (Laurence and D.), Tom Ball, Joshua Taylor, S. Haynes and A. J. Sandeman. To collect two sides like these will be too costly for anything but charity.

LEAGUE TOPICS.

The transfer of Hanney from Reading to Manchester City has robbed the South of a brilliant centre-half. His coming to the Man-better team eye-browed with their third victory of the season, and a brilliant one too, seeing that it was achieved at Oldham. Brittan has left the 'Spurs for Middlesbrough for £1,500, they say, and Dix (Orient), and Hanney ('Spurs), are on the transfer list.

THE PLEASURE OF THE GIFT IS IN THE GIVING.

The uncertainty of what form the gift will take crops up every Christmas. Some favour the ornamental, others the useful, and others again strive for a happy blending of both. The tendency is more and more to give something lasting and useful—something that will give pleasure to the receiver and give satisfaction to the giver. The younger folks are difficult to please at times, and are often at their wit's end to get that "something" which will satisfy all round. A game is just what is required at the home for the long winter nights, that will engage the attention and increase the enjoyment as the pleasure extends. Billiards hold out an appeal to all. Old and young can find lasting pleasure and amusement on the "green cloth." It stimulates and builds up character in youngsters—and provides the elders with a pleasant entertainment after business. You do not require a special room, a miniature billiard table, the exact size of your own table, can be fitted up, and all the necessary accessories are included. Riley's, of Accrington, has a billiard table for every home—no matter the size of the room. These miniature tables are perfectly proportioned with all the characteristics of their world-famous originals. No matter where your home is, the table is despatched. Fully installed in your room—you have no trouble or worry. Full particulars can be obtained from E. J. Riley, Ltd., Levanthorpe Works, Accrington. London Showrooms: 147, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

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STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

Markets have returned to the dull and lifeless state. It is very evident the public are still on the "wait and see" tack.

Failing speculative shares, one must fall back on investment securities.

I give below another selection of from 4 to 4½ per cent. trustee securities, and then I deal with a speculative investment that has come before my notice, in which I consider it well worth my readers' while to secure a holding.

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Midland Railway 2½ per cent. Pref. at 59½ yields £4 4s. 6d. per cent.
Caledonian Railway 1904 Pref. at 92½ yields £4 7s. 6d. per cent.

For some little time I have been looking out for a safe and sound, and at the same time very profitable, investment for my readers, and I think I have now succeeded in finding what I want in the shares of an Oklahoma undertaking, the Schultzer Coal Mining and Coke Company.

The capital of the Company is only \$100,000 in 40,000 Preferred and 60,000 Ordinary Shares of 1 dollar each fully paid, half of which have been placed in Oklahoma, and 20,000 Preferred and 30,000 Ordinary are now offered here at par, i.e., 4s. 2d. per share.

The Preferred stock is entitled to a cumulative preference dividend of 7 per cent. and 50 per cent. of the balance of profits after 15 per cent. has been paid on the Common Stock.

The Company owns 160 acres of freehold land on the Townsite of Schultzer, and 440 acres of coal mining rights on land adjoining Schultzer.

Developments around the properties of this Company have definitely determined the existence of two coal veins, the first at a depth of eighty-seven feet, and the second at 400 feet, under the entire property, which means that the Company has upon its property 6,000,000 tons of recoverable coal. It is the purpose of the Company to increase its capacity by sinking a new shaft to the 87 foot vein, so as to give an annual capacity of one hundred thousand tons.

I have investigated this business most carefully, and I have no hesitation in predicting that these shares will prove a very satisfactory investment.

The Company's property is surrounded with oil wells, and doubtless oil will be found underneath the coal strata, and add greatly to the profits, and consequently there is hardly any limit to the dividends which the Schultzer Company may eventually pay.

The London agents are authorised to make the issue on this side on behalf of the owners, and I shall be pleased to receive subscriptions or send fullest particulars to intending investors on application.

The report has just been issued of The Kent Collieries, Limited, the Dover undertaking, and once again shareholders have their hopes dashed. In September last they were informed by circular that the No. 3 pit had reached the first seam of coal at about 1,275 feet, and that the colliery could be worked on a commercial scale, but the report now shows that since then it has been decided not to commence the working of coal until the seam at the 1,625 feet level has been reached. From the shareholders' point of view the reading of the report is very unsatisfactory.

The terms of the new issue of the Spies Petroleum Company are now to hand. The whole issue has been underwritten, but the shares at 21s. do not offer much inducement to subscribe.

North Caucasians have been a lively feature in the Oil group, and the shares have risen to 36s. Last week's output shows a big increase.

Americans are again on the up-grade, with Unions as usual the feature in this market.

Among mining shares the Cobalt Group have developed strength, especially Cobalt Townsite on the favourable report from the mine given below:—

Cobalt Town Site.—Cable:—"Estimated mining results for week ended 29th ultimo:—Value of production, £3,782; operating expenses, £1,707; weekly profit, £2,075.—On No. 3 level have cut new vein 1 to 1½ in wide of high grade ore. On No. 4 level vein G cast is good high grade ore."

Charteredds have led a fall in all land shares, and nearly all the changes among tin shares have been against holders.

ORTHOS.

As space does not permit for.

BRIEF REPLIES

this week I am replying to all applications by post.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR WILL BE PLEASED TO ANSWER ANY ENQUIRY BY POST ON RECEIPT OF P.O. FOR SIXPENCE, OR BY WIRE, ONE SHILLING.

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Develop Your Will-Power, Concentration, and Memory by "The St. Settef Course." *Modern Life* says: "We cordially recommend this admirable system." Complete Course (four lessons), 2s. 6d. Particulars free. The St. Settef Institute (Dept. M), Perth, N.B.

EVERY SMOKER would save money by writing for our lists. Liberal Introductory Packages Free.—Empire Tobaccos, 10 South Street, London.

GRAMOPHONE. 20-guinea handsome, hornless, inlaid Sheraton cabinet, height 4ft., record cupboard, completely enclosed, on wheels; purchased April; with records, £5 10s. Approval willingly.—3, Aubert Park, Highbury, London.

FUTURIST FILMS.

Dr. Gariazzo, a famous king in picture production, will introduce some novel features into the cinema world. He tells the *Cinema* that "We are about to produce some of the ancient stories and plays, but we are going to dress them in modern garb, and accompany them with modern accessories. We shall probably in this direction produce a modern version of 'Romeo and Juliet' in which motors and flying-machines will be used!" Immediately the news reached us, we set out post-haste to see this man of wondrous ideas in the flesh, and although the knobby-headed Doctor is of a retiring nature, he kindly granted us an imaginary review. "Yes," said the Doctor, as he rapidly flickered in and out of the room, "We are on the eve of great things." He paused, while the agitation of his grey matter lifted his scalp into great knots; his eye gleamed brightly with enthusiasm, he took a deep breath, then rapidly unbuttoned himself while we sat enthralled. "Not only," he began, "we intend to modernise ancient history and to give up-to-date versions of 'Romeo and Juliet,' and 'The Rape of the Sabine Women,' and to picture the battle of Agincourt under modern conditions, but we may also extend the net and take peeps into the past, that is, we shall transplant ancient happenings into the misty back ages. You would not be able to see the historic attack of the pheasant on the turkeys as it would have happened in the Stone Age. For our purpose we have a highly-trained troupe of pterodactyls which will attack specially prepared forests of lycopods, while we mock at the infuriated club-men below. But more of this later; at present I will speak only of the productions I have in hand. The first is 'Romeo and Juliet,' for which we are sparing no expense." And he handed us the promised scenario which we reprint below.

"ROMEO AND JULIET" (FREELY ADAPTED TO MODERN CINEMA REQUIREMENTS).

The play opens with a grand staircase dance at the house of the Capulet, a company-promoter. Romeo meets Juliet at the dance and they fall madly in love. Love scene ensues. (This is given fully for German audiences, but toned down somewhat for English circulation.) Romeo asks her father's consent, but Capulet cruelly sets conditions on him. (Twelve real fierce South African beasts.) Juliet escapes, walking along the telegraph wires. Clandestine meeting of the lovers. "Will you fly with me?" She consents. They fly, rising to a height of 16,000 feet (this constitutes a record), and looping the loop four times. (First time that this has been done with a passenger.) Old Capulet sends the services of "Injun Joe," and pursues them in his motor. Thrilling gun-fight between car and "plane." Injun Joe blows machines and brings it to earth. Juliet is dragged down, and Romeo is tickled to death and made into beef. Juliet eats one, and dies. The doctor, almost overcome with excitement, asked us what we thought of it, and we added that all the costumes would come from Worth, as we were too stunned at the vastness of the idea to offer any other. He next showed us the scenario of "Shylock," treated in a similar fulsome and generous fashion.

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

Antonio, a young man about town, has been dabbling in the stock market, and has slipped up in doing so. He visits his friends Solomons and Levy, and borrows £5,000 on a mortgage of hand, and then proceeds to spend it on his lady-love, Portia, who, unbeknown to him, has been studying law for the Bar. Ten years later, Solomons and Levy demand payment, but Antonio is offended. They take him to court, but women now having the same rights as men, and Portia having now become Lord Justice, judgment is, of course, given against them. Solomons and Levy are, much against their wishes, forced to undergo the Abrahamic rite, and are deported. The play concludes with a spectacular Tango joy-dance in which 50 special Tango Maxixe champions engaged in a scene. In addition to these plans," panted the worthy Doctor, "we intend to stage 'Dante's Inferno' and Milton's 'Paradise Lost' for the screen, but all in the most modern style. In the 'Inferno' the most weird instruments of torture will be displayed in full working order, including a band, and a squad of lemon-sucking children, which you see on the screen our up-to-date representation of the hundred and twenty-one compartments of— you will admit that our 'Inferno' lacks creation."

ALL THE USUAL FEATURES. AND MANY CLEVER STORIES AND SKETCHES.

BE ABOVE THE ORDINARY MAN

If you were head and shoulders above your competitors in a literal sense, you would be head and shoulders above them in your business prospects as well.

The rise in salary which you have been waiting for so long would be yours. The big man commands attention and respect, and gets what he wants.

My system will increase your height by from two to three inches, as it has done for so many others. Definite proof of this will be found below. Why not let me increase your height, and improve your health and the smart appearance of your figure as well?



Convincing Letters from Students.

Mrs. E. L. (Muswell Hill) writes: "I now write to thank you for the benefit I have received both in health and height from your system. I have gained three inches in height."

W. F. H. (Newport) writes:—"I am pleased to tell you that I have reached six feet."

E. P. W. (Wolverhampton) writes: "Since adopting your system I have added approximately three inches to my height."

G. H. B. (Bradford) writes: "I have just completed your three months' course for increasing the height, and am pleased to say when I started my height was 4ft. 9ins., but it is now 5ft. 2ins., an increase of 2 1/2 ins., which I think is very good."

A. K. (Southsea) writes: "I am pleased to let you know that I have gained 2 1/2 inches."

W. B. E. (Johannesburg) writes: "I must say the improvements have been wonderful. In fact, several of my friends have remarked the splendid carriage I have, and I have never really felt fatter in my life."

Do not put off any longer, but write to-day, enclosing three penny stamps, for further particulars of my system.

ARTHUR GIRVAN,

Specialist in the Increase of Height,

Dept. M., 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N.

RACING.

BY "OBSERVER."

There was nothing bordering on the sensational in Mr. E. Hulton's speech at the recent Gimcrack Dinner at which the well-known newspaper proprietor was the principal guest of the evening for the third successive year. In fact, his remarks, although of a lengthy character, showed that he viewed racing in an optimistic light, and there need be little comment. Mr. Hulton had a lot to say about the Wootton-Siever libel case, and his comment on that matter is regarded by many people as not being in very good taste.

After the large number of unsatisfactory starts we had during the past season, many expected Mr. Hulton to have something to say on the matter. He certainly urged that the present method of starting was the best, and that it is impossible to think of going back to the old style—a point on which most people will agree; but he did not suggest a remedy for the indifferent starts in which his own horses were occasional sufferers.

The death of Mr. Alfred Stedall, the well-known race-horse owner, removes another old supporter of the turf. Mr. Stedall had been a regular race-goer since the 'sixties, and, although he did not meet with a very great amount of success, his horses scored some notable victories. Perhaps the best horse that carried his colours was First Principal, who won the old Cambridgeshire Handicap—now defunct—and the Derby Cup in 1901, and followed up these successes by taking the City and Suburban the following year. There was great rejoicing in South London when First Principal won the Epsom race, as Mr. Stedall resided in Denmark Hill, and the jockey, W. Bray, hailed from Brixton, and no secret was made of the fact that the horse was strongly fancied.

Other well-known horses owned by Mr. Stedall, who for many years raced under the assumed name of Mr. Cristo, were La Lune, Marsden, My Collar, Orquil, Vigilance, Wise Mason, Simonson, and Solomon's Mine. It is worthy of note that the last-named horse won for Mr. Stedall the last race of the season on the flat at Lingfield Park this year. Mr. Stedall was very generous to his jockeys, who

received a "pony" for every winner they rode for him. In business he was the owner of the big manufacturing firm of costume and mantle makers in London bearing his name.

The sport since the steeplechasing season started in earnest has been rather above the average seen in the early weeks of recent years, and it is to be hoped it will maintain its high standard. A feature has been the brilliant riding of Ernest Piggott, who, at the Kempton Park meeting, put up a performance rarely equalled over the sticks in riding five successive winners. He was materially assisted by having a walk-over in one event, and in another Teigne of the Lee was awarded the race through the disqualification of Mandonius, but in spite of this, the feat was a very fine one.

A very busy week's racing is down for decision next week, when the Nottingham meeting occupies Monday and Tuesday, Windsor Wednesday and Thursday, and Gatwick and Haydock Park clash on the last two days of the week.

At Nottingham on Monday Doctor Break may secure the Welbeck Handicap Hurdle, Lamentable should continue his winning sequence in the Mapperley Handicap Steeplechase, and Stargantes may win the Clifton Three-year-old Hurdle. On the second day Orangeville may be capable of taking the Midland Handicap Steeplechase, Elstead the Bentinck Handicap Hurdle, and Clodius the Broughton Maiden Hurdle.

The Clewer Handicap Steeplechase at Windsor on Wednesday may fall to Ilston, who is a very smart horse, the Windsor Maiden Hurdle to Prince San, and the Thames Handicap Hurdle to Bath. On Thursday Katanga may win the December Handicap Hurdle, The Last the College Handicap Steeplechase, and Claret Lad the Thursday Selling Hurdle.

At Gatwick on Friday Scotch Wolf should secure the Croydon Hurdle, Shanawan the Pegasus Steeplechase, and Fomel hault the Timberham Hurdle. On the concluding day the Amateur Riders' Hurdle may be won by Avernus, the Juvenile Hurdle by Courtlands, and the Novices' Steeplechase by Sycamore Lodge.

The Maiden Hurdle at Haydock Park on Friday may fall to St. Pat III, the County Selling Steeplechase to Repp, and the Lowton Selling Hurdle at Jarraidon. Noah may score in the Haydock Park Handicap Steeplechase on Saturday. Closewood Beck in the Newton Handicap Hurdle, and Mount Hecla in the St. Helens Steeplechase.

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THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

Walking along the Strand a few days ago I saw in a shop a pair of Karntslip socks, for which claim was made that once in a while they remained in position.

When Eve knitted the first pair of socks for Adam they did not keep up, and the same trouble exists now; hence the piece of advice which has drifted down from the ages is memorable saying heard alike on the battlefield and the boudoir, "Pull up your socks."

Suspenders are a nuisance, although I suppose a necessary nuisance, but if socks do not require suspending a new joy is added to life.

As to the non-slip socks and their inability to creep down my boot-tops I had "ma doots." However, being an over in search of comfort, I bought a pair experimentally and find they do not slip, and, moreover, are most comfortable.

The cause lies in the fact that these socks are made long enough to surmount the calf, not ending, as is usually the case, below the thick of the calf, ensuring a drop sooner, usually sooner.

In addition to the length of these socks there is a special feature of the portion embracing the calf, fitting neatly to the calf and again into the hollow just below knee. They are most comfortable wear, with quite a perceptible increase in warmth, and I think Messrs. Blurton are to be congratulated upon putting such an excellent article of men's wear on the market.

Black collar and facings are goodly to look upon in evening coat, dinner jacket, or black overcoat (bar, of course, collar in the latter), but I have often seen the effect produced by the use of the wrong silk.

Use of such fine rib that it looks satiny, almost greasy, wrong silk. The distinct rib, in what I think is called "ribby," is what looks rich and is effective. Bear this in mind and mention it to your tailor so that he will not spoil your coat on this little point.

My correspondent writes to know if I can throw any light on the mysterious happening to the trousers he buys. Each pair has a seam pressed down the front, and the seam does not come down in the centre at boot, but is sometimes at one side, sometimes at the other.

The answer to this enquiry is most simple. The meaning of the phenomenon is carelessness upon the part of the tailor. The centre point of the foot of a pair of trousers varies according to the cut of the trousers and the build of the man, but the tailor who presses down a seam just "anywhere" is the tailor to avoid.

Trousers require and deserve careful trying on quite as much as the coat. In a very cheap suit the tailor can hardly be expected to try on the trousers in a baist condition. This takes time and entails an addition to the workman's wages, but the customer would be well to see his trousers on before he orders the finished suit, whether it is cheap or dear, so that it is the time to see where the seam is, and if wrong it can be made right. It is only a matter of two or three minutes, a hot iron and a damp rag.

Send one for you PACKED PLAIN as an XMAS GIFT.



In Polished 6-ply Oak. 5/9 Carriage paid U.K. per Parcel Post, 11lbs. Extra Heavy Press to take 6 pair in 8-ply Oak, Heavily nickel-plated fittings, 8/6 carriage paid, weight 14 lbs

WE YOU 50 per cent. Trousers Pressers and Stretchers, in handsome 6-ply POLISHED OAK Heavily Plated Fly Nuts and Powerful Steel shown. Full length, Fake 4 pairs, Guaranteed 5 years, sent on 7 days. Post dated Cheque or Money Order can be sent for appro. Send for Illustration. A superior shaped Coat Hanger, 6d. extra, if bought with Press. COMPLEX MANUFACTURING CO (H. CLIPSON, Manager). 66, BALHAM HILL, LONDON, S.W.

TRINEA TIE PRESSERS AND STRETCHERS, 4/6 each, carriage paid.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU.

The Editor will be pleased to answer readers' queries through this column.

B. D. N. (Harrington).—Our list of football matches for the No. 4 Competition was drawn up and published before the cup ties were drawn, or the qualifying ballot had taken place. Hence the position was unavoidable. By the rules the first prize cannot be awarded. There are no cup ties on the day selected for the No. 5 Competition.

J. W. (Salop).—Cannot compliment you on the story. It has no incident at all novel, and the style is amateurish.

A. McV. (Belfast).—Thanks for suggestion, but we value our space too highly to find room for a duplicate football coupon.

L. M. (Windsor).—This is hardly the paper to appeal to in such a case. We can advise on practically any subject but that.

S. L. (Glasgow).—Messrs. White, Fisher, and Co., of 5, Rue de Commerce, Geneva, will be pleased to receive your instructions.

J. B. (Bow).—We are referring to the subject in "Plain Speaking."

M. A. (Manchester).—Your pantomime gags have quite a handsome growth of whiskers on them.

Reggie (Oxford).—Thanks for original "suggestion." It is like most other "suggestions" we receive—they require a small fortune to carry out.

Punter (Derby).—Try Messrs. White, Fisher and Co., 5, Rue de Commerce, Geneva, as a reliable firm of Football Accountants.

G. E. (Tottenham).—Have passed your letter on to Financial Editor.

F. E. (Ilford).—See reply to "Punter" (Derby).

Serge (Croydon).—Capt. Saunders will reply to you by post.

L. A. (Hornsey).—Yes, we can recommend Dr. Goldberg, of 435, Strand, W.C., as a good dental surgeon, who is specially clever at bridge work.

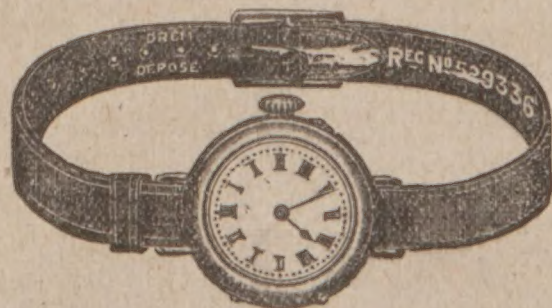
Johnnie (Yarmouth).—Will we accept it at current rates? We won't.

OUR CODY FUND.

Our Cody Fund is now closed, but we are as yet unable to state the full sum realised, as many subscription lists have still to be returned. We have written all the holders of these lists, and sincerely hope to publish the final list in our next issue.

Subscriptions already received		
Previously acknowledged	122 17 0	R. Thomas, Treorchy
Sergeants' Mess, 3rd Hussars (Shorncliffe Camp)	5 0	T. W. Renwick, West Hartlepool
Sergeants' Mess, Service Corps (Shorncliffe Camp)	6 0	W. G. Smith, Rotherfield ...
126 Battery, R.F.A. (Shorncliffe Camp)	1 1 6	M. Hutchins, Keyham ...
127 Battery, R.F.A. (Shorncliffe Camp)	1 3 2	J. Webb, London, N.
W. Wilson, Norbury, S.W.	2 0	E. Griffiths, Rhastyllen ...
R. G. Morrison, Cheapside, London	2 6	C. Willmer, Ash
W. Worley, Wimbledon	1 0	Miss A. McLennan, Edinburgh
H. Potts, Sittingbourne	1 0	R. Gordon, Naval Air Station, N. Queensferry ...
J. Smith, Bulford Camp	2 0	W. M. G. Colman, Air Station, N. Queensferry ...
C. P. Seaton, Sheffield	5 0	W. R. T. Shaw, Naval Air Station, N. Queensferry ...
T. Stephenson, Barton-on-Humber	1 0	J. Chidgy, Naval Air Station, N. Queensferry ...
C. Harris, Southampton	1 0	B. H. G. Brown, Naval Air Station, N. Queensferry ...
W. Smith, Boosbeck	2 0	
A. West, Newmarket	1 0	
S. J. Ellis, Reading	2 6	
J. Stone, Abercraive	1 0	
		Total to date
		£127 13 2

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Lady's Wristlet Watch, as illustrated, oxidised or nickel case, opal dial, suede English leather strap ..	3/11
Ditto, Silver English Hall-marked case ..	5/11
Ditto, with Enamel bezel ..	6/11
Best quality White Pearl Wristlet Watch ..	6/6
Guaranteed 9-ct. Gold Wristlet Watch, with jewelled bar movement, open dial, hinged case ..	15/11
Guaranteed 9-ct. solid Gold Watch, jewelled bar movement, hinged case, Solid Silver Extending Spring Bracelet ..	35/6
Gent's Keyless Oxidised or Nickel Lever, hinged case and dome, crystal shaped white enamel dial with seconds hand lever movement, compensation balance ..	3/3
Same movement, Flat Dress Watch, Gold Cased ..	4/3

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CHRISTMAS DOUBLE NUMBER WILL BE ON SALE EVERYWHERE ON DECEMBER 15th.

A New Year's Gift! £208 a year for LIFE

WHAT READERS HAVE TO DO TO WIN IT.

On this page is given an entry form containing the names of football clubs engaged in matches on Saturday, Jan. 3rd, 1914, and for the first prize of £4 a week for life you have to draw a line in ink through the name of the club you forecast will lose. Where you predict a draw we receive an entrance form showing the correct results of the matches given in the coupon we will award £208 a year for life. In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results, 10s. a week for twelve months will be paid to the competitor whose effort is nearest correct. Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasures or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of a tie or ties, the prizes will be divided.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

- (1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of teams playing in twenty matches on Saturday, January 3rd, 1914. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.
- (2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to MODERN LIFE, No. 5 Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Friday, January 2nd. Any arriving later will be disqualified.
- (3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.
- (4) The prize of £208 a year for life will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the twenty matches are not played the £4 a week for life prize will be reduced to one of 10s. a week for 12 months.
- (5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct solutions, 10s. a week for 12 months will be paid to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct results.
- (6) In the event of a tie, or ties, in this Competition, the prizes will be equally divided.
- (7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.
- (8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.
- (9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made or fictitious name given will be disqualified.
- (10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

MODERN LIFE FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 5.

Matches to be played on Saturday, January 3rd, 1914. Cross out—in ink—the name of the team you forecast will lose. For a draw do not cross out either name.

BLACKBURN
BOLTON
BRADFORD CITY
CHELSEA
EVERTON
SUNDERLAND
WEST BROMWICH
BLACKPOOL
CLAPTON
GRIMSBY
LINCOLN CITY
NOTTS FOREST
WOOLWICH
HUDDERSFIELD
CRYSTAL PALACE
MERTHYR
PLYMOUTH
READING
WEST HAM
WATFORD

V. ASTON VILLA.
V. MANCHESTER UNITED.
V. MIDDLESBROUGH.
V. OLDHAM ATHLETIC.
V. NEWCASTLE.
V. LIVERPOOL.
V. PRESTON.
V. BARNLEY.
V. GLOSSOP.
V. LEICESTER.
V. BURY.
V. HULL.
V. WOLVES.
V. FULHAM.
V. MILLWALL.
V. QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS.
V. SWINDON.
V. EXETER CITY.
V. BRISTOL ROVERS.
V. BRIGHTON.

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, and to accept as final the result published in *Modern Life*. I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature

Address

Newsagent's Name

Address

SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

This is the wonderful Magneto Belt that has made thousands of sufferers strong, healthy and vigorous.

I WILL
SEND
YOU
ONE
FOR
1/-
ONLY.
(See Coupon below.)



From the moment when you put it on you begin to feel its Magnetic Power bracing you up, and your body absorbs naturally and freely the Magnetism which it contains. Think of the joy of being free of pain, from being strong and vigorous, of being brimful of life, courage, and vitality! Then read the simple, straightforward and honest offer I make you in the coupon below. Don't stay weak and depressed. Write for a Belt to-day and begin to feel its marvellous powers building up your strength every hour that you wear it.

The weak can now be made Strong. The anguish of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica can be speedily and permanently banished; Weak Nerves can be built up and made strong; Mind-Wandering can be cured, so can Involuntary Blushing. Lost Will-Power can be regained and the whole human body can be rebuilt and revitalised by means of my marvellous Magneto Belt.

People who were crippled with pain, well-nigh crazy with depression, down-hearted, ambitionless, weak-spirited, weak-willed, and miserable, have now been changed into strong, vigorous, courageous men and women; healthy and happy, restored to New Life, simply by wearing my MAGNETO BELT. I want every man or woman lacking in health, strength, and vitality to test my "New-Life" MAGNETO BELT.

TEST IT AT MY EXPENSE.

I want you to test the Belt first by actually wearing it, and so I say to you send me 1s. only, and I will send you the Belt by return of post.

CALL AND SEE ME.

I am here ready and willing to show you my Belt, and to demonstrate its Magnetic powers to you. If you cannot call then write to me. Remember that my Magneto Belt is Nature's remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Nervous troubles, Mind-Wandering, Loss of Will-Power, Involuntary Blushing, and scores of Similar Ailments, and I place it in your hands to test for yourself on seven days' trial for the trifling outlay of 1s. Does not this show that I have faith in what my belt can do for you?

"NEW LIFE" COUPON.

POST
TO-DAY.

To Mr. AMBROSE WILSON,
19, Vulcan House,

55, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

Simply write your FULL name and address on a piece of paper, fill in your waist measurement, pin coupon to paper, and post it to me at once.

Please send me a "Magneto Belt" on approval. I enclose 1s., and if I do not return Belt within seven days, I will pay you the balance of 4s., either in one sum or by weekly instalments of 1s.

Size of Waist inches.

NOTE.—Foreign and Colonial Orders must be accompanied by the full amount and 1s. extra to pay postage.